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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

A UNION ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

VOLUME V.

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

MISSION HOUSE, 53 FIFTH AVENUE,

NEW YORK.

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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1890. NO. 10

THOSE who wish to send a calendar for 1891 to friends in Africa, South America or the Islands, where it is safe to allow two months for mail to reach them, may be glad to know that the Missionary Calendar is now ready. As the labor of designing this beautiful group of engravings and arranging the original paragraphs and selections of prose and verse which have been gathered about the names of our missionaries was all gratuitously done, the price of the calendar, including postage, is only thirty-five cents. —*From Board of the Northwest.*

As to the style of the calendar referred to in the note above, we may anticipate inquiry by saying that it is oblong in shape, nearly 9 x 6 inches, its separate pages and pasteboard covers tied together, and each month is introduced by a dainty and original full-page illustration. It is a pretty calendar for anybody, but of double interest to the constituency of the Woman's Boards, among whom it will be found, as in past experience, a pleasant tie. Many times our missionary friends have noted with relief that the calendar has brought their names before the Church at home for special prayer on the very date when their straits were great; and conjunction of the verses with circumstances, on given days of the year, has often seemed more a providence than a coincidence.

If this calendar had no other recommendation, the promptness of its appearance is no small one. After October 15 it may be obtained from the headquarters of our Boards in Chicago, Philadelphia, or New York. *See third page of cover.* It will also be found in bookstores in cities of the Northwest.

THERE is something at the Mission House very convenient to have, viz.: the Annual Report of the Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions, a full edition. Sections of the Report have also been printed in separate little pamphlets; the complete list of missionaries, for instance, constituting one pamphlet, the part relating to a single country constituting another, and so on. If you are a Secretary, therefore, for Japan or Africa or India, here is your country reported *multum in parvo*, in a shape handy to carry anywhere. There are only 500 copies of this set, but they can be had as long as they last, by forwarding your request and a postage stamp to the Treasurer of the Board.

IT is not unnatural that old friends of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions should still, from force of long habit, now and then, forgetting the changes of time, address us at the old stand on Centre Street. But it is of no use! We are not going back there after living two years and eight months in this beautiful Mission House at *53 Fifth Avenue.* So, if you wouldn't risk losing your money, if you want prompt answers, and if you will not put unnecessary burdens on the Post Office Department, please address the Board of Missions and this magazine at 53 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, for the rest of your lives.

OUR correspondents have been sometimes inconvenienced through a confusion of names. Will not the missionaries, especially, kindly notice that the Chairman of the Editorial Committee and the Editor are different persons, and address accordingly. See fourth page of the cover of *W. W. W.*

PLEASE notice that the occupation of Mosul, mentioned in Mrs. McDowell's letter, means a new station in the Turkish Empire. This place was formerly held by the American Board, and the dust of that gentle scholar, Henry Lobdell, has long sanctified the spot. By the way, the *Life of Lobdell* would be a good book for us now, for we shall want to post ourselves upon Mosul.

OF all the newspaper reports of the Shanghai Conference, we have seen noth-

ing better than that by Dr. Wright, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in the *Sunday-school Times* of August 16. The *New York Independent*, August 28, contained a whole page review of Mr. Bassett's new book upon the Eastern Persia Mission. In the hands of the reviewer, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, the book is sometimes left behind, while a little trip is made outside among interesting facts parallel to its records.

In our June issue we noted the departure of a man from the Kansas Y. M. C. A. to open a new mission in the Soudan. This was Mr. Kingman, and with pain we hear that of eight devoted young people who have since followed him, three, including Mrs. Kingman, have already laid down their lives off the Sierra Leone coast. The oldest Mission Board may lose men in the same way. The C. M. S. of London has already lost a man at Zanzibar who went out of their May meeting to start for Africa; but we shall always contend that, in raw enterprises in dangerous fields, the exposures are *increased* when undertaken without the guidance of an experienced and judicious Board. This was wanting in the case of these dear young people from Kansas and Minnesota. Nor does it seem to us the part of wisdom to send ladies into the wilds of Africa until a path has been broken for them by the mission leaders.

Since last month further particulars have been received of the death of Dr. Heron, for eight years an indefatigable missionary in Korea. He passed away on July 26 after an illness of three weeks. In the intervals of delirium he reaffirmed his own clear faith in his Saviour and, calling all the Koreans of his household around his bedside, he once more set before them the way of life in Jesus Christ. Mrs. Heron proposes to remain with the mission for the present.

At the date of last letters from Tabriz, the trial of the murderer of Mrs. Wright was slowly progressing. The man being an Armenian on his father's side, they have made a race matter of it and, unfortunately, all the witnesses in the case are either Nestorians or Americans.

A Great Wrong, challenged with a trenchant pen in *The Church at Home and Abroad* (October, 1888), has not been righted. The Anglican ritualists are still dividing the little flock in Western Persia that has been gathered and shepherded by American missionaries through more than fifty years of toil. Five ladies, members of a high church sisterhood, have opened schools in Oroomiah and, by giving to the children what their parents have been trained to themselves provide, have drawn off our scholars. What is the use of being such a great man as the Archbishop of Canterbury if not to act with greater wisdom and fairness than smaller men?

A considerable time is required to express a generous thought in brick and mortar, as we must bear in mind who, a year ago, heard with pleasure that a Howard Annex to the Oroomiah Hospital is to be built for the accommodation of women. Everybody shall share it as soon as we get the next chapter. Dr. Cochran has been overwhelmed with patients since his return to Persia last November.

The Nestorian woman, Hoormah, who was for a time in San Francisco and favorably known among our friends at the Sacramento Street "Home," is now connected with the Salmas station in Persia. She wrote in May last of reaching 168 souls during two weeks' evangelistic work in Khoi. She and the late Mrs. Wright held meetings together for Mohammedan and Jewish women at Oola.

The main feature in the celebration of the 40th anniversary of the Fidelia Fiske Seminary at Oroomiah, last June, was the organization of an Alumnæ Association. Twenty classes, including 166 members, have been graduated, of whom 127 are still living, and 82 were present at the meeting, "some of them with bronzed faces and bony hands, looking the joy they did not speak."

Out of 67 house pupils at Oroomiah last year, 51 were Church members. Superintendence of the whole institution, including three departments and 150 pupils, has fallen upon one teacher.

There was such a nice display of dolls and workbags for the Hamadan girls at Christmas time that a Persian teacher, looking on, said he thought "the boys would wish they were girls *for once*."

The election to the first National Diet of Japan occurred on July 1 and returned ten Christians out of 300 members. Four of them represent the United Church of Christ.

OUR MISSIONARIES IN PERSIA

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Mrs. F. G. Coan,	Oroomiah.	Miss Cora A. Bartlett,	Teheran.
Mrs. D. P. Cochrane,	"	Miss Annie Gray Dale,	"
Miss Jennie Dean,	"	Mrs. Lewis F. Esselstyn,	"
Miss Anna Melton,	"	Miss Mary W. Green,	"
Mrs. John H. Shedd,	"	Mrs. J. L. Potter,	"
Mrs. E. K. St. Pierre,	"	Miss Anna Schenck,	"
Miss Mary K. Van Duzee,	"	Dr. Mary J. Smith,	"
Dr. Mary Bradford,	Tabriz.	Mrs. S. Lawrence Ward,	"
Miss G. Y. Holliday,	"	Mrs. E. W. Alexander,	Hamadan.
Miss Mary Jewett,	"	Miss Adeline Hunter,	"
Mrs. L. C. Van Hook,	"	Miss Annie Montgomery,	"
Mrs. Annie Rhea Wilson,	"	Miss Charlotte Montgomery,	"
Mrs. John C. Mechlin,	Haft Dewan, Salmas.	Mrs. J. G. Watson,	"
Miss C. O. Van Duzee,	" " "	Mrs. E. W. McDowell, care Rev. J. A. Ainslie,	Mosul, Turkey.

In this Country: Mrs. J. W. Hawkes, Rockville, Ind.; Mrs. Benj. Labaree, 2 Forest Street, Roxbury, Mass.; Miss Maria Morgan, Allston, Mass.; Mrs. J. M. Oldfather, Hanover, Ind.; Miss Emma Roberts, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. W. W. Torrence, Wellman, Iowa.

ON COMMON GROUND.

SYMPATHY must have some common ground of mutual experience and, with the first strange sights of a strange land, there comes the wonder whether such can be found. To see women knitting stockings, beginning at the toe; children with heads wrapped round and round in various kerchiefs, but with little limbs and feet bare, even in wintry weather; old women still wearing their hair in long plaits down their backs; gentlemen callers entering our parlors with uncovered feet but covered head; these are but a few of a thousand customs so directly opposite to our own that it is hard to accustom one's self to them, and even after years of observance we probably trespass unwittingly upon many of their ideas of etiquette and propriety. In many of these externals we must agree to differ, and soon we find that they are but externals and that in the deep realities of life there is a common ground for all humanity.

Pain and disease, "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," are the same all over the world, and though expressed by strange idioms, suffering can be understood and makes a bond of sympathy at once. "Put pain from out the world, What room were left for thanks to God, for love to man?" So writes Browning and asks: "What were the bond 'twixt man and man, pain once abolished?" The same diseases needing the same remedies, the same treatment — what a fund of common experience they give us! So, comparing notes, it is easy to turn to the soul-sickness of us all, which also needs the same remedy and the one Great Physician.

The stages of life, too; how alike they are everywhere! Babyhood is just as charming, just as innocent among these pretty, black-eyed children, though in rags and filth, as when adorned with laces and daintiest embroidery. Saadi quotes a proverb: "All men are *born* Mussulman; education makes them Christian, Guebre or Jew." So I love to think of all these darling babies as *born* Christians, and, oh, how many escape the false training and the sad ignorance of this life, to find themselves in the Good Shepherd's arms who gathers all the lambs into his bosom!

Childhood-nature is the same, and dolls and balls, marbles and tops are a delight here as everywhere, and these children's hearts are as easy to win, as loving and impressible as our own. Girlhood alone must be counted out. "Sweet sixteen," with its companion years, with all their opportunities and joys, honors and freedom from care, is an unknown period, for it is rare to find one who by that time is not betrothed or married or already a mother. So we find ourselves on a par in maturity and responsibility with those ten years our juniors and meet again on common ground in the new and solemn relation of wifehood. Our weddings may be as different in circumstance as high noon in the midst of sunshine and flowers differs from midnight and a weird procession lighted by torches and tapers; but there is joy and merrymaking at both, and the Lord of Life sanctified this natural festival by his own presence. So we talk over our trousseau and our bridal, and there is a chance at once to speak of all a Christian marriage means, of mutual love and confidence and service "till death do us part," and, by comparison, how great the contrast seems!

Then, in the common joy of motherhood, we find a closer bond and a warmer sympathy than in any other of our common experiences. The dainty little ward-

robe is interesting to every woman and every detail of the little life a subject of eager curiosity and inquiry. Last Saturday we were among a wild group of village women, and it seemed almost impossible to win their attention, except on one thing, the first to be asked about, then repeated to every newcomer, and the last sound we heard: "Her baby eats by the clock every two hours!" Not only the poor and ignorant, but all may meet on this common ground of interest. It was a little babe, though of the captive race, that captivated Pharaoh's daughter, and not long ago a company of Persian ladies in a princess's garden were more interested in a little American baby than in any other product of Christianity, and as they passed him around formality was forgotten in the talk over him. The name, and how we give it, brought up our sacrament of baptism and its sacred meaning of consecration and covenant blessings, and the little child led us to the Child Jesus and the wondrous story of His birth and Babyhood.

Lastly, "death makes equal high and low," and in contemplation of that last dread change, how trivial seem all differences of race and religion! We feel ourselves fellow-travelers, and any news of the far-off country to which we go is eagerly received. With all their stoical belief in fate, there is a great dread of the unknown among the people here, and it is a wonderful message that one may tread the valley of the shadow of death and "fear no evil"; that "to die is gain," and the last enemy even may be swallowed up in victory—"Thanks be unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" In the cruel bereavements that visit every home, in the fear of death that is in every human heart, there is the strongest, closest bond of sympathy. So, on the common ground of life's joys and sorrows, let us find

> "The silver link, the silken tie
> Which heart to heart and mind to mind
> In body and in soul can bind"—Sympathy!

Annie Rhea Wilson.

NESTORIAN VILLAGE LIFE.

Our cut represents a daily event in every Persian household and a familiar scene to every traveler as he approaches a village.

Persia is yet far from the happy state described by Micah in his vision of the Messianic kingdom, when "they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid." In order to enjoy security either of life or property the people must live in villages and farm life, such as we know it, is impossible. Water is the determining factor in locating a village—water for household use and for stock and, if possible, for irrigation. The spring is the common property of the village and around it the village is often built.

The girls in the picture have just filled their pear-shaped jars where the cold pure water bubbles out of the mountain side. A little below on the smooth, flat stones is where the village women bring their clothes to wash, and below that is the pond where the cattle drink and the great, black buffaloes wallow in the mud and are washed by the boys. This pond is the reservoir to collect the water which is distributed among the vineyards and orchards of cherries, mulberries, peaches, apricots and pears, in which the Persians love to hide their flat-roofed, mud-walled villages.

The four girls are all Nestorians, as is shown by their dress, which is more modest than that of Mohammedan women. They have on the ordinary dress of the village women, made sometimes of coarse home-spun blue cotton and oftener of cheap Manchester cotton.

The *lacheeta* or head-dress is a strip of bright-colored calico, in the case of married women looped so as to cover the mouth instead of being tied under the chin as with these young girls. Along with other changes there is a gradual adoption of European dress. Two of our girls have on aprons, one of the "modern improvements."

Let us follow one of them through the narrow streets, the low door in the mud wall and the bare yard into her home. We enter the house—kitchen, dining room, parlor and sleeping room all in one. You will be puzzled to find any furniture—no chairs or tables or bedsteads. The beds are folded and piled up on mats. Instead of iron or tin ware there are pottery cups and jugs and jars of all shapes and sizes. The stove is a round hole in the floor with its sides built up of clay and burned hard and smooth. On

the sides of this pottery stove are baked the thin sheets of wholesome and palatable bread. The soup of meat and vegetables

or of sour milk and herbs for the evening meal is cooked in an earthen pot. The cheese eaten with bread at the noon-day lunch is kept in jars buried in the ground in a corner of the house. Other jars contain *yaghoort* (soured milk), molasses, honey, beans for the Lenten fast, rice for feast days and melted butter used in place of lard. Even flour and grain are often stored in great jars holding a barrel or more.

The bareness of their homes and lack of any utensils shows what a drudgery housework must be in Persia; and to make it harder still, the division of labor is such that much more than mere housework falls to the women. Roughly speaking, work in the village — housework, stable work, fetching water, preparing fuel from the stable manure — is done by the women. Work outside the village — herding the cattle and sheep, plowing, watering and harvesting the fields — is done by the men; yet one oftener sees a woman reaping than a man cleaning the stable.

There is far more community of life in Persia than with us. The spring or irrigating stream, the pasture land, the threshing floor are all common property. The village site and most of the land belong to the master of the village. The houses are built so closely together that roofs connect and a village looks more like a single building than thirty or forty homes.

This community of life is both a help and a hindrance to evangelization. It makes schools and congregations possible during the winter months when people are at leisure, but too scantily clad to endure the cold. On the other hand, it is harder for individuals to rise above others and for a single family to preserve home life. It is as impossible to keep children from the moral filth as it is to keep them out of the mud of the narrow streets. One of the changes rapidly taking place is the breaking up of great households containing three or four generations into families and the establishment of separate homes.

It is a serious problem how to reach these people in their villages. There is danger of working exclusively through the agency of boarding schools and of not reaching the people amid the dangers and temptations that beset their daily path. Feeling this, the missionaries in Oroomiah have for two years asked for a lady who shall devote herself to this work, visiting the women in their villages, evangelizing in the homes of the people. *Wm. A. Shedd.*

TWO PICTURES FROM TABRIZ, PERSIA.

Picture First. November 17, 1879.— A low, native house with long, narrow school room on one side the entry and miniature sitting room the other; a tiny chamber on the roof and a dark cellar kitchen reached by a flight of stairs from the end of the hall. A missionary lady a mile distant from any associate, in a quarter

of the city where no English-speaking people reside. Three little Armenian girls, Eve, Margaret and Jawahee.

Many wishes for a girls' school had been expressed, many assurances of patronage given, but when the time came not one of those who had professed desire to give better opportunities to their daughters was willing to brave the derision of friends and opprobrium of the community to place a child in a missionary school. The promise of a new dress and daily bread, however, had lured three little girls from homes of poverty and saved the project from utter failure.

The oldest was she who bore the name of the mother of us all, but, although upon her was to be laid the foundation of a race of educated women and girls, she would only put her finger to her mouth and look up in the most vacant manner imaginable, with nothing whatever to say when asked a question. She never learned to read and, finally, the attempt to educate her was abandoned. Margaret had learned easy reading in a little day school which the mission had established some time before. She was a good little girl and diligent, but in another year her mother married and this prosperity enabled her to care for her daughter herself and she was taken from school. Jawahee was her cousin, a sweet, blue-eyed child, nine years old, affectionate and receptive. "I ask Jesus to make me a good girl and help me learn my lessons," was her illustration of praying. The priests were alarmed and in three months she was taken out and both cousins were eventually so entirely removed from missionary influence that little has been known of them since. And was that the end of it all?

Picture Second. November 17, 1889.—A large, handsome, red brick "Vienna house" as it is styled by the Persians, with a handsome suite of rooms for women's meetings, entertainment of visitors and family life; sunny and commodious apartments for a group of missionary ladies; school rooms, dormitories and all else needful for the comfort and instruction of a family of twenty girls, gathered from Oroomiah and Maragha, Sooldooz and Salmas, the mountains and the city, together with fifteen or twenty day scholars that assemble with them. Most of the house pupils have brought clothing, beds and money to pay for their books, but there are some orphans and very poor pupils supported by the school. There are classes in language, literature, science, history and music, besides daily, diligent study of God's Word by every member of the school in memorizing, narration, exegesis and map drawing. Besides the American lady in charge, there are masters in the Persian and Armenian languages, a competent resident teacher trained in the school and a teacher of needle work under whose supervision the skillful fingers of the girls bring in a revenue of about $100 per annum. Twenty-four little ones chatter merrily over their kindergarten occupations. Two bands of King's Daughters one by one take a little brother, a mother, one of the servants or some one else in whom they have become interested and instruct them in the Bible or teach them to read, and, in turn, go out with one of the missionary ladies to learn practical missionary work; for all but one or two of the older girls have a hope in Christ and some are Church members.

But the picture would be incomplete without some side views. One gives a glimpse of the pastor's home at Resht on the Caspian Sea. The wife, who had much private instruction before the Tabriz school was opened, entered its third year and, after two years of study and two more of teaching, married and now to her home duties adds a school for girls and meetings for women; she is one to whom those in perplexity or sorrow come for help and comfort.

On the borders of Turkey, at Khoi, is one who, against constant opposition of friends, remained six years in the school as pupil and two as a faithful teacher and is now devoting herself to the women and girls among whom God has placed her, her greatest joy being her Christian home and the opportunities it gives of filling her hands with work for Christ.

At Meanduab, over on the edge of Koordistan, is another home scene, another little school, another gathering place for women and another light shining in a dark place, as the following extract from a letter shows: "Because there is much work here, I implore you to always pray for me, that God may pour out His spirit upon me and upon the village."

From the assistant teacher at Salmas another letter reveals another busy worker: "If you want to know about my scholars, I love them and they love me and I am very comfortable, happy and contented. When school duties are over

I go out into the villages and try to guide the women into the truth."

And such a contrast to those first days it was last June, when four of these young ladies stepped out into the world where they are now so busy at work. Instead of incomprehension and a vacant stare there were self-possession and interesting manners as they related the history of the world and Church, manipulated the electrical machine or passed to the blackboard to illustrate some difficult point by diagram. With dignity and grace they read their essays, accepted the applause and bouquets of their friends and said to their companions and teachers, "Remain in peace." All but two who have taken a course of study in the school have gone out members of the Church.

These are the two extremes of ten years of school life and work.

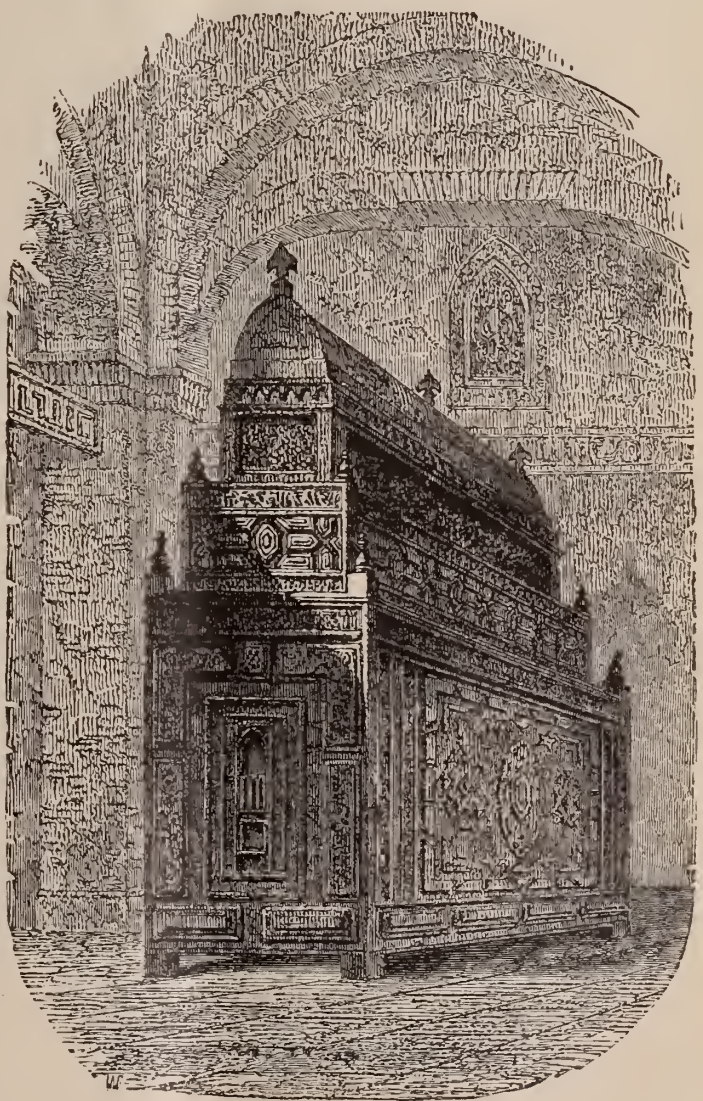
L. C. Van Hook.

HAMADAN.

Travelers often call it a pretty place, this old city, Hamadan. But they have ridden hour after hour, day after day over barren plains, and the sight of an inhabited spot with a sprinkling of green trees and a background of mountains is inviting to tired eyes.

You are coming up the Sheverine road on the east side of the city, over beyond whose flat-roofed mud houses, face to face with you, is the great range of Elvend. That large building seen from afar is the Faith Hubbard School, in the centre of the Armenian quarter, to reach which you must traverse a district occupied by Moslems. To the left of the hill, crowned by our school and church, runs a creek which crosses the city. Beyond the creek stretch away Moslem houses. But if, passing through the Armenian quarter, you keep on gradually turning to the right you come to the Jewish community. Just outside the city on this side are burying grounds, where on Thursday afternoons the friends of the dead go to sit among the graves and read prayers.

Some day when in need of recreation you will ride up the foothills of the mountains and look at the curious inscription of the Gang Noma cut in the rock, which links



SARCOPHAGUS IN THE REPUTED TOMB OF ESTHER.

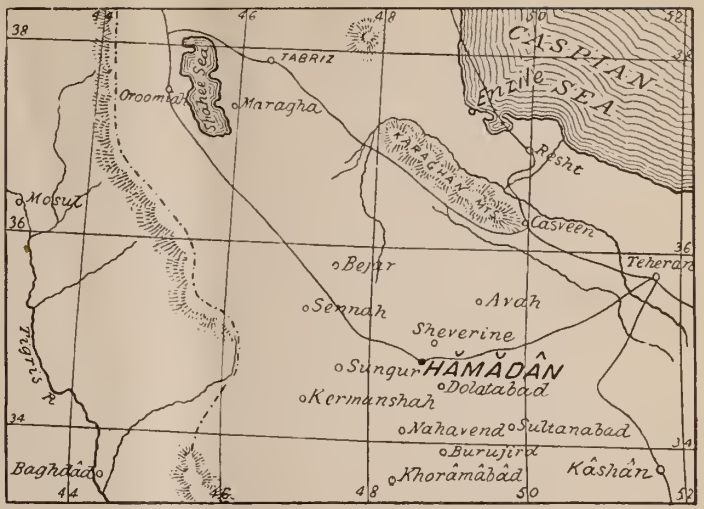
TRADITIONAL TOMB OF ESTHER AND MORDECAI AT HAMADAN, PERSIA.

these modern days with the times of Darius. But, to-day, our way lies toward the centre of the town. The man who conducts us through the bewildering labyrinth of crooked, narrow, dirty streets is a tall Koord who interests us greatly. Once, in touring, we came — on the grassy bank of a little river — to the picturesque ruin of a tiny village. Grass was growing over shapeless heaps of earth which not long ago formed the walls of houses. This Koord was son of the owner of the village and he told us, that even in the old days when he lived there, his mind was full of questionings about their religion, to which he got no answer. Taxes and oppression "ate up" their village and they drifted to Hamadan. When the Faith Hubbard School was being built, our Koord was one of the day laborers who wrought on the walls. From that he came into the service of the missionaries and heard the truth. Long after, when he had read God's Word and was instructed in the way, he said it one day flashed upon him that God's sending him to us was the answer to his longing for light. "In those old days," said he, "where was that village and where was Hamadan, where was I and where was Yankedunia (*i.e.* the new world, America), that we should meet and I should find out these things?"

But we must be on the alert as we thread our way through these streets. There comes a long string of camels fastened together by a line of rope, sagaciously turning their uncouth heads this way and that as they stalk majestically along. You can hardly tell from their expression whether they are on the lookout for danger or whether they expect to recognize old acquaintances among the shopkeepers in the bazar. If you are riding, your horse will perhaps snort out his fear or disdain and unless you keep a sharp lookout on his movements, cut their acquaintance, turn tail and flee. Close behind the camels is a drove of donkeys loaded with the thorny shrub they bring from the desert for fuel. Load and animal being of one color and only four little legs and two huge ears being visible beyond the gray prickly pile, you half misdoubt it is some monster not described in the Natural History you studied. Here your path is uncertain, for all efforts to clear the way are misunderstood by the donkeys, who close in and turn around in the most unexpected fashion. The problem of your progress is further complicated by a flock of sheep scattering hither and thither, raising a cloud of dust.

In the midst of it all, come and go men in long garments of every brilliant hue. No half tints, no faded colors are fashion-

able here. Dodging this way and that are women in their dark blue chuddars and white veils, which costume prevents their hearing and so confuses them that it is a common saying that a woman is worse than a donkey to get in the way. Here is a man running directly in front of you, crossing and recrossing your path and peering at you curiously. "Clear the way!" at last shouts your conductor impatiently, "you act like a four-footed creature." Most unmanageable of all obstacles is a herd of cows loaded with charcoal. Their grimy drivers are at their wits' end to engineer the unwieldy beasts through the streets.



DISTANCES FROM HAMADAN IN ENGLISH MILES.

To Teheran,	200 miles.	To Mosul (straight)		To Dolatabad,	40 miles.
" Casveen,	120 "		about 400 miles.	" Nahavend,	50 "
" Baghdad,	260 "	" Senneh,	96 "	" Burujird,	80 "
" Khoramabad,	180 "	" Kermanshah,	96 "	" Sultanabad,	90 "

Leaving all these behind, you find yourself in an open square, where, looking across piles of brushwood and long timbers stripped of their bark and ready to become rafters, on the further side of the inclosure, you see the reputed tomb of Mordecai and Esther. "Mind not high things!" as you go through the doorway which surely was not intended for them of lofty looks. Once inside, the tombs become visible, made of black wood and curiously carved with inscriptions in Hebrew. At the feast of Purim the Jews gather here to do honor to the beautiful queen through whom "the Jews had light and gladness and joy and honour."

As we emerge into the outer world the sun is setting in yellow splendor beyond Elvend and we stop a moment to note the beauty of the western sky. Then, looking toward the different quarters of the city, we think that over there in the Faith Hubbard School, maidens of various races are learning of a deliverance greater than Queen Esther wrought for her people. Here, almost within a stone's throw of where we stand, boys — Armenian, Moslem and Jewish — gather to study the same glad lesson. And a little further off, Jewish girls are being instructed in those things which make wise unto salvation.

So our walk ends, with a prayer for the speedy coming of the day when the inhabitants of this old city shall be, as some say its name means, *Hama-don*, "all of them wise."

Belle Sherwood Hawkes.

EFFORTS FOR JEWISH AND MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN AT OROOMIAH IN 1890.

THE missionary in charge has for several years held a prayer-meeting with Jewish women on Saturday mornings and in 1888 she had also a flourishing girls' school. A boys' school was the same year opened by a leading man in the synagogue, Mooalim Narie, who, like many Jews in Persia, rejects the Talmud and accepts the Old Testament only. He put a Christian master over the school, but by the time it numbered 38 boys, other Jews took alarm and broke up the school and that for girls also. Neither of them has since been resumed.—EDITOR.

THE Jewish work is very quiet. Our Saturday meetings though small are encouraging. Our lessons are in the New Testament and nearly half who come are men.

Mooalim Narie, of whom you have heard before, is now in London. Quite recently he wrote to his people here, that if they were willing to receive a teacher from London there was a person of wealth who promised to send money to build a schoolhouse and to send a teacher. They have answered, accepting the proposition, and we are interested to see what will be the result.

I think Mooalim Narie is trying in this way to open the door for Christian teachers and believe the time is not far distant when there will be a great change in the Jewish community, here and elsewhere.

I received the Hebrew tracts sent me some time ago with a book called "Old Paths." The latter and nine of the tracts are now in the hands of one of their best readers, who does not accept the Talmud, and he is using them among the Rabbis, asking them how they will answer the arguments. He and eight or ten other Jews wish to separate from their people and are talking of buying houses in our quarter of the city. I think their motive in wishing to move is that they may enjoy more religious liberty. Some Jews are urging us to open a school for girls again, but we do not think best to try at present, for there is still much bitterness toward us on the part of some of their leading men.

I am trying to visit among the Jewish houses one afternoon every week, besides holding the Saturday meeting, and it is very interesting to meet the women; they seem so eager to hear. Last week at one place, as soon as we spoke of reading, the woman sent out immediately and told the neighbors and soon a large company had gathered who listened attentively to the Testament. When I closed the book, they urged me to read more and were not satisfied until I had again read them a parable. Saturday we called at a house and immediately the neighbors gathered to the number of twenty. It is only seed sowing, but God has promised that His word shall not return to Him void.

THE MOHAMMEDANS.

Two little Moslem girls, named Jawnana and Marawl, have attended the school for Moslem girls, whenever it has been permitted, for four winters and are now very good readers. Last fall they professed conversion and since then have apparently been warm and growing Christians. They are anxious to be baptized. One of them found the verse, "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John iii., 5. She immediately wrote me a note, saying she feared she might die without being baptized. I explained to her that baptism is not a saving ordinance and advised their waiting a while. They had asked their parents' permission to be baptized, but had failed to receive it, not so much because they are opposed to Christianity as because they fear persecution. It was not easy to answer their questions and the time is not distant when we missionaries shall be obliged to take ground on this and similar questions. They said, "If our parents are not willing what are we to do? Are we to lose our souls because they are not willing we should be Christians?" We said, "You may be driven from your home." "Never mind," answered the one, "God will provide for me." "Perhaps they will put you in prison." "I am willing." "Perhaps they will kill you." "I am willing." The other said that if all the persecution could fall on her shoulders she would not mind, but her father would be beaten and perhaps imprisoned and she could not bear to think of bringing such trouble on him. We could not advise their baptism so soon under any circumstances, but so long as they are young girls subject to their parents, great wisdom is needed to teach them obedience to parents and also to God. We are praying earnestly that God would draw their parents to Jesus.

In connection with the story of these girls, I will mention our little school, which through the mercy of God has been permitted to read all winter without molestation. It has been well understood that such a school existed, but though talked about, no one has hindered it. There were fourteen girls, most of whom, besides a daily Bible lesson, a little arithmetic and writing, gave all their time to reading. The oldest girls have studied the Rollo Code of Morals (taught orally), arithmetic, Life of Christ, Acts, Ephesians and Colossians, with Persian and writing. All the girls have had an hour for sewing every day. The school was begun in October and closed the middle of June.

A new feature in work for Moslem women has been the Industrial Class. It was begun for the purpose of opening a way by which a few poor women could provide for themselves without begging and also as a means of spiritual good. Ten or fifteen women came half of every day to sew or do other work and received four *shies* a day (about three cents). This furnished them their daily bread. It was not always easy to find work for them but, if there was nothing else, I had them sew patchwork. They made about seventy shirts which were sold for a little more than cost price of materials.

I wish there might be such a class on a

larger scale. Last year was only a little experiment carried on by private contributions, but I am convinced that it might be a great means of good. It perhaps would not fall within the limits of strictly missionary work, so that we do not feel justified in asking for it an appropriation from the Board and it might not be wise for any missionary to devote her time to it, but I think that a faithful Nestorian woman under the superintendence of a missionary could do it and the daily Scripture lesson given would be a grand opportunity.

The converted Moslem women who come to prayer-meeting every Friday lately brought with them the widow of a Christian. She seems anxious to learn, but is afraid to be seen coming here. She says she does not wish to marry a Mussulman, for she has had a Christian husband who has been very kind to her and she doesn't wish to live again with one who will beat her.

Not long since, a woman was reviling the mothers of two Mohammedan girls because they sent the children to our school, so one day they brought the woman to visit the school in order to convince her that theirs were not the only girls being taught by us. We feared it might be the means of breaking up the school, but God is overruling all and until He pleases no one can prevent.

Mary K. Van Duzee.

THE SPRING FEASTS AT TEHERAN.

Over here in Persia we have recently been celebrating three great feasts. The *No-Rooz* (New Year's Day) of the Persians, which comes at the time of the vernal equinox, the Jewish Passover and the blessed Eastertide of the Christians.

The first consideration and most important item of expense in preparing for the coming feast to both Mohammedan and Armenian is a new suit of clothes; so that about this time, when all nature is reviving and the trees are looking fresh with their beautiful new green covering, the streets of the city, too, are bright with all the colors of the rainbow. There seems something both pretty and appropriate about this custom. It is universally observed by rich and poor alike. The poor woman knows they are the only new clothes she may expect during the year and to a wealthy lady they are a sign of her importance. She has them made of elegant material, richly embroidered with gold thread or costly beads, and then, as one said to us the other day, "We wear dresses only once; if we wore them again people would think we had only one." This gives a glimpse of their pride; whether the statement is strictly true I cannot say.

We have had some opportunities this year to make acquaintances among the higher class of Moslem women and had some very pleasant New Year's calls. They receive us cordially and entertain us royally with sherbets, sweetmeats, cakes, fruit, candy, etc., which it is customary to keep spread during the thirteen days of this feast. Doubtless it relieves the monotony of their lives to have us visit them. They are always interested to hear about our country and customs and often question us on some point of our religion, though it is rarely with a desire to find some better way for themselves to serve God; still we are always hoping to drop some seed of truth which may find root.

Three of us mounted little donkeys and wended our way through a labyrinth of streets and bazars to the Jewish quarter on Passover Saturday, seeking out every house where we have the slightest foothold. It is not a pleasant place, but there are bright boys down there who are members of our school and in Sabbath-school nearly every week. We enjoyed seeing their friends and our visit gave the boys evident satisfaction. We were offered unleavened bread, of which a small piece was sufficient; for, though it looked white and clean, it had a particularly unpleasant taste, being made partly of dried peas pounded fine and having no salt. The other refreshments set before their guests were nuts, dried fruits and the wild orange — no tea, for kindling a fire on Sabbath is unlawful, you know. The Jews here seem very strict upon that point, though, upon occasions, they will so far break the spirit of the law as to call in a Moslem to kindle the fire for their samovar.

The first three days of Easter feast every one is either entertaining or making calls. We crowded those three afternoons as full of calls as possible. At this time we are free to go to many homes not always open to us and we always hunt out any new acquaintance and try to enlarge our circle of friends.

Description of this feast should have

commenced with mention of Easter Sabbath itself. We like to mark the day as it is so carefully observed in the Old Armenian Church. Although they have given up observance of a Lenten fast, there seems to be no reason why an evangelical Armenian Christian should think less of Easter. The ladies arranged a very pretty table of flowers at one side of the pulpit while a bunch of white lilies was placed upon the desk. We had in use for the second time the handsome communion service presented "to the Evangelical Church in Teheran," by the Succusunna Church. The hour for communion was a most solemn and blessed one. Three babies were baptized, two of them children of missionaries. One of our Christian women had the joy of seeing her son unite with the Church. All her children are within its fold, now. As I rejoiced with her after the service, she answered in a quaint but characteristic way: "Yes, I think when I enter the presence of our Lord, I shall be like an old hen with all her chickens following after her."

Only two days after, our hearts were stricken by the evil doings of a son in one of our Christian families. In a fit of drunken anger he stabbed a man and was carried off to prison. It is dreadful to mar the record of celebration of Easter week by such a tale, but it is too often a time of temptation to these poor people. With their refreshments at nearly every house, the decanter of wine is conspicuous and alcohol is freely partaken of. The young man has long been a source of anxiety to his parents. May God use this awful deed to bring him to repent and be saved! So would even this bitter grief be turned to joy.

Hattie R. Potter.

AN INSTANCE FROM KOORDISTAN.

In one of our villages the wife of the chief man, a very excellent woman, was quite sick and unable to retain any food, the result of which was that she was growing weaker and in serious danger of dying.

Dr. Wishard recommended sheep's milk, but was told that there was none to be had in the village, it still being early in the spring. The next day I noticed in the house a young lamb a few hours old. The son was standing by and I expressed to him my joy that there was now milk for his mother and that we could hope for her recovery. "Oh, no," he said; "we can't give her that milk; the lamb needs it all."

This son was a more than ordinarily good and intelligent man. It was only from long habit and custom that he would put the life of a lamb before that of his mother.

E. W. McDowell.

A CONSTANT OBSTACLE IN INDIA.

A lady writing to the *Punjab Mission News*, some time ago, related the following suggestive incident in connection with an afternoon spent at Sultanwind on the occasion of the baptism of six men:

"An old woman, the mother of one of the candidates, seemed lost in grief. 'My son is dead! My house is desolate!' was the keynote of her wailings, and the words were taken up by the others with noisy crying. Sitting down on the floor by them, we tried to pacify the women in general and the old Mai in particular, but at first it was like talking to the wind. We tried to assure her that her son, instead of being lost, would be kinder than ever to his mother, the new religion being one of love. '*Religion!* Why, you are idolators!' said the old Mai severely, looking at a very innocent picture of 'Little Red Riding Hood' on the wall opposite. Then such a chorus of weeping followed that one of the Christians from without looked in and told us to be quiet. 'Impossible!' we all thought, but help was near—one of the younger women spied my cuffs, whereupon a lively discussion as to whether they were made of cloth or paper followed, which our old friend also joined in. They were duly examined and admired for fully five minutes, after which short respite the mourning broke out afresh. Happily, another diversion occurred, one of our party, the fortunate possessor of a pair of spectacles, came in, and by the time these unfailing objects of interest had been looked at and looked through calmly the baptisms were over and soon the sons and husbands, now Christians, came in to comfort them.

"What an advocate a scene like the

above is for woman's work! Weak and despised she is, but yet how much is in her power! How often a man is drawn back forever from confessing Christ by the tears or abuse of a mother or wife! That, as the above shows, is not always the case, but who can tell what our newly-received brothers may have to suffer?"

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1. To my poor house there came a lofty stranger,—
   Oh! it was Jesus, the darling of Heaven.
   I ran to bid Him welcome.

2. With gods of stone what have I now to do?
   I clasp my Saviour's feet;
   My whole soul clings to Jesus.

3. Since to my breast I clasped those blessed feet,
   Rich, rich am I, O Jesus!
   And Thou wilt never leave me.

Sung by an uneducated Hindu woman at her work.

ENZELI, ON THE CASPIAN.

A BIT OF OUR JOURNEY OUT OF PERSIA.

From the capital of Persia to any point on its border is at best a tedious and dangerous journey, as the modes of travel are primitive and much of the way lies among the mountains; for Teheran is situated on a high plateau and absolutely surrounded with rocky ranges. There are only a few miles of isolated railroad in Persia. Although the Indo-European telegraph, passing through on its way to India, gives us any important news almost as soon as it is known in America, yet we still have to plod along on our journeys at the rate of sixteen or twenty miles a day. The distance between Teheran and Casveen—about one hundred miles—is usually traveled in post carriages in about fourteen hours; but the remaining one hundred and fifty miles require six days, as we go by caravan, employing horses, mules and donkeys to carry us and our baggage.

We left Teheran on Friday, April 28, provided with the best post carriage I have ever seen, and rode so comfortably that I look back to that part of our trip as a pleasure ride.

Reaching Casveen, we found the friends from Hamadan whom we were to join had arrived before us and been taken to the house of an Armenian merchant whose wife had recently been a patient of Dr. Torrence. Although protesting, we could not refuse the pressing invitation to his house instead of going to the regular post-house. So they, vacating their best rooms, made us very comfortable. They cooked, not only for us, but for our servants also, took care of our animals and baggage and in every way showed the extreme of hospitality.

The next day being Sabbath, I hurried through the children's baths, rolled up the beds, cleared up the room and chairs were brought in for service. Although the weather was unpleasant, quite a company of Armenians came in and Mr. Hawkes preached in Persian and, afterward, four or five besides ourselves partook of the Communion. It was a Sabbath pleasant to remember. The missionary work there is in the hands of a helper who seems really zealous and is gaining a way among the Armenians. Of course he often talks with the Mohammedans, but until liberty of conscience is secured we cannot look for many conversions among this people. But the preaching they hear and the reading of the Bible is opening the way for religious liberty. May the time be hastened!

Leaving Casveen on Monday, we had two days of such hardship as seems a nightmare to look back upon. But from the time we left the foot of Kharzan Pass our journey was very pleasant. One day in particular I recall when we had left bare mountains and were in the midst of luxuriant greenness, while still on the mountain roads. Having spent the morning in

"AN OLD, STONE, ARCHED BRIDGE" NEAR RESHT.

steady walking for some four or five hours, about noon we reached a stream, crossed by an old, stone, arched bridge and overhung on each side by trees and bushes, its banks green with soft grass and everything suggesting coolness and peace. Crossing the bridge, we turned off to the left and called a halt. The lunch was brought out and we made coffee over the spirit lamp, washed out the tin cake box and used it for a water bucket, and, with sardines, bread and butter and jam, we envied no one, having a delightful picnic away off in Persia just as we might in our own dear land; only we had to hurry our things into a basket again, mount our steeds (mine was a donkey), and push on toward Resht. I think it was on this same day that we came to a ford where the water was still, but so deep that my donkey could not cross. So Mrs. Hawkes rode over, then they brought the horse back and I mounted and went over while they took the donkey away up the stream to a shallow place for crossing. It reminded me of the man with the fox, the goose and the corn.

When nearing Resht, so tired we scarce knew whether we could endure the day's journey, two carriages met us, having been sent out by a Persian friend to take us in. With thankful hearts we said good-bye to the *kajavahs* and, after spending the Sabbath in Resht, went on to Enzeli on the Caspian Sea and passed a night in one of the Shah's palaces, there, eating from the floor, spreading out our own bedding and sleeping so soundly that we barely caught the little steam launch which, on account of a reef off the point, plies between the shore and the large steamers which were anchored a long distance out. But having set foot on the Russian steamer, we had really left Persia and we allowed our thoughts to travel on ahead, to the home-land.

H. J. Torrence.

IN THE ZENANAS OF JHANSI.

Mrs. Seymour's (the zenana visitor) last report told of thirty houses visited and forty-nine pupils learning to read in the Bengali or Hindi languages. Had we another helper familiar with Urdu — that is, able to read and write in the Persian character — quite a number of Mohammedan houses would be accessible to us. One of the highest Native officials in Jhansi asked my husband some time since that his house might be visited, as "two women there wanted to be taught." The "two women" were his wife and daughter.

In one house that I visited with Mrs. Seymour I found an old woman with spec-

tacles poring over a book and greatly enjoying the lessons. Mrs. Seymour had been called for one of the younger women in the family, but she soon wearied, finding she must apply herself. Then the elder woman said: "I will buy glasses and see what I can do." She is now reading quite well and is very proud of the accomplishment. One of the women in this same household is the mother of three sons. The father has not seen the baby, as he is the husband of two other wives, neither of whom is living in Jhansi, and he went several months ago to visit them. The wife in Jhansi says: "I have borne my husband three sons, his other wives are childless; ought he not to remain with me?" What has not the Gospel done for woman!

In one house we found the grandmother very ready to argue, but unwilling to listen. "I know all that you will say," she shouted out. "Have not I heard it here and in Agra and in other cities? I know all the story of your religion and will not accept it. I shall cling to my ancestral faith at all hazards. I hear about the Christian religion continually; even the *baba* is always reading the Bible to us." It is sad to see this elderly woman with a heart so filled with hatred against God, but how glad we were to hear that a Native gentleman who is outwardly a heathen reads the Bible openly to his household and while at least one member bitterly opposes him! So light frequently comes when we do not look for it.

One of Mrs. Seymour's pupils was particularly dull, but as long as she was willing to learn she would not refuse to teach her, as the visits to her house gave the opportunity of telling her of Jesus. At length the husband of this woman was transferred to another station and when the time of departure came she clung to Mrs. Seymour and with eyes streaming with tears sobbed out: "I have been a very dull pupil, I know, but I tried to learn and I was often touched by your patience. Your visit was always the one bit of brightness in the day." We gave her some Christian tracts and one or two Gospels. After a time this woman came back for a brief visit and told us that in the city where she went with her husband they found a young boy who could read well, so she had brought out her books and he read them to admiring audiences. When she left they begged her to leave her books and she gave them the tracts, but she would not part with the Gospels.

Helen H. Holcomb.

NOTES FROM ONE OF OUR DIRECTORS TRAVELING IN MEXICO.

. . . At Zacatecas we found a commodious, cheerful schoolroom, and thirty-nine bright boys and girls, taught by two attractive Mexican young women, earnest and energetic, but incompetent to teach the higher branches. It is evident that the great need is a well educated Normal School graduate. Will not some consecrated disciple volunteer this service for the Master?

After talking to them through an interpreter, closing by saying we would rejoice most of all to know they loved Jesus, Mr. Wallace asked all who love Him to raise their hands and every hand went up. We took each one by the hand and bid them *adios*, then repaired to the church, a beautiful place of worship, once a cathedral, costing $140,000 to build, and purchased by our Board for $21,000. All the rich carving is preserved, while the paraphernalia of the Roman Church is exchanged for appropriate texts of Scripture. We noticed over the entrance the text, "How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord." There are 300 members and 80 Sunday-school scholars.

Doña Celestina, fifty-five years of age, the Bible reader supported by a Philadelphia Auxiliary, is a most faithful worker. She prepares her dinner with her breakfast in the early morning, to save time, and from morning till night scatters the precious words of life all over that city. She looks after the families who have been gathered in, keeps domestic peace, sees they are properly married and insists upon the family altar.

Another earnest worker is Casamira, doing a wonderful work in the rural districts.

Our next glimpse of mission work was in the City of Mexico. We visited the Spanish church of our own Board and found it filled with earnest listeners. The services were conducted by Mr. Brown in Spanish. Our teachers were there with their pupils and one of the elder young women played the organ. We made an appointment to visit the school on Wednesday.

We arrived at 8.30 A. M. and found the

pupils assembled for the opening exercises, which were, first, the hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains"; a Bible recitation, "The Old, Old Story"; the Lord's Prayer in concert, and "Rock of Ages." I was requested to address the school, Miss Bartlett interpreting. When I had finished, one of the older girls arose voluntarily and gracefully responded, thanking me and the Society for our interest and help and in the name of the pupils sending greetings to the ladies of Philadelphia.

I witnessed in another room calisthenic exercises for the little ones. Five of them, the youngest but five years, sang in English, "When I remember that sweet story of old" and gave the Spanish definitions of the words. They were day scholars and had been in school for but one term. A pupil of eighteen who could not read a word when she entered, at the end of one year mastered fractions. Miss Bartlett and her companion seem most happy in their work, but how busy they are!

A NEW THING.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT LAKAWN.

HANDS off, Ladies! This doesn't belong to grown folks. It is for the Presbyterian Children, if you please. It is their very own, to begin it in 1890 and to finish it in 1891. You can already hear their step, step, march, march, to the tune of *The Industrial School! Lakawn! Lakawn!* There they come, the King's Messengers, Boys' Brigade, Happy Workers, Cheerful Givers, Steady Streams, Lend-a-Hands, and all the rest of our bright, young, invincible Mission Bands. *Every one* is going to have a share in it.

A full account of this new enterprise was given in *Children's Work for Children* in the August number, pages 142–146. If you haven't seen that yet, send to 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and get it, for there is not much that the Bands can do unless their leaders and the mothers and fathers at home understand about it and give it countenance.

This undertaking is in charge of Dr. S. C. Peoples, the experienced missionary at Lakawn, in the Laos, and Rev. Robert Irwin, who is going out there this month and knows all about such work.

What is this industrial school? It is, in a word, a farm to be managed in connection with a school where boys are trained to be teachers and preachers.

Why do they have it? Let Dr. Peoples explain. Speaking of the school, he says:

"We want an industrial school in connection with our training school:

"In the first place; to give the boys something to do while they are studying, so they may not learn, as they do in the temples, to dislike work.

"Secondly; we want to induce them to improve on their old methods.

"Again; by this means we shall avoid the expense of buying provisions for the school and, with a good irrigating plant, we can furnish enough rice and other produce for market to cover all incidental expenses of the training school. In the province of Lakawn the rainfall is insufficient and there is no artificial means of irrigation in the country. The soil is excellent, but because of scarcity of water the yield of rice is only from 10 to 20 fold, while if we are able to supply our farm with water we shall produce from 75 to 100 fold. More than the half of this will be for sale and the lowest price it brings in the market is 50 rupees per hundred buckets. If we furnish it hulled, it sells at from one to three rupees per bucket.

"The Lakawn province is usually in a chronic state of half famine because of scarcity of rain caused by clearing off the teak forests. The teak trade is bringing an immense amount of money and other trade into the country and the rice crops are not sufficient to supply the demand for food, so we shall always have a good market for what vegetables and fruits we can produce."

The outlay proposed for the industrial school is $5,000. Some of the items are estimated as follows:

Residence	$3,000.00
Dormitory	200.00
Water pump	200.00
100 ft. of pipe	60.00
Two drays	90 00
Plows	60.00
Wagon	45.00
Buffaloes	100.00
Chains	20.00

Cost of freight from America, getting the pump to pumping and many other expenses bring up the totals.

As this school prospers and becomes a success, other equipments will doubtless be called for from time to time and may they all help to make round-about men of those Laos teachers and preachers.

Letters from the Front.

PERSIA.

THE MOUNTAIN WORK IN KOORDISTAN.

MRS. E. W. McDOWELL, writing from SEIR, near Oroomiah, July 19, 1890, after mentioning matters of interest connected with that station, speaks of the special pioneering work to which her husband has been devoting himself and which has involved her long and lonely separations from him:

I want to tell you something of the mountain field, for we have been appointed to that and of course my interest is there, now. The people are perfectly wild, lawless and wicked. The different tribes are constantly at war with each other and with the Koords, who are continually falling upon the Nestorian villages, taking all their property, even carrying off their beds and cooking utensils. They most often carry off their flocks, rushing upon them by night and binding or killing the shepherds. If a life is taken among the Nestorians, they do not rest till they kill a Koord and so the warfare continues from generation to generation. The life of women there is sad; in many places they are mere beasts of burden and are thought to have no soul.

Dr. Wishard and Mr. McDowell have spent two winters among that people. You have perhaps read of their robbery the first year. When they started they expected to find a place suitable for our home, but they are convinced that it is impossible for a woman to live there. One would not know what night the Koords might come or some other hostile party.

GOING TO MOSUL TO LIVE.

It has been decided that we have our home in Mosul and Mr. McDowell make tours from that place. Dr. Wishard will also have his hospital and dispensary at Mosul and tour from there. It is all a new and untried work and I scarcely realize I am going there, for I have looked forward so long to doing something for those mountain women.

Mosul is a journey of ten or twelve days from Oroomiah and on the site of ancient Ninevah, on the Tigris River. There are still very interesting ruins there. It is very hot in Mosul, so that during the hottest weather we shall be obliged to go up to some mountain village. We have already a few small Churches in the mountains and the field is very encouraging.

A LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

In one village, Dihi, we have a Church of but seventeen members, but it is strong in character. The wife of our pastor, there, is a graduate of the Oroomiah Seminary and has done faithful work. She has taught many women to read and holds weekly meetings with them. While Mr. McDowell was there last winter they organized a foreign missionary society. One young girl who was very anxious to give something to help brought one of her undergarments which she considered very nice and wanted to know if she could send it to America to get money for it.

We expect to start for Mosul as early as the heat will allow, about October 1. We shall have to cross some high mountain passes and some rather dangerous roads. The children and myself will go in *kajavahs*, a kind of box on each side of a horse. For shade we can have cloth stretched over a frame. This will do nicely for the children, but is tiresome for a grown person and I shall ride a horse a part of the time.

When we get to our field and start the work do not be surprised if I call for some help in the girls' school and I ask you to pray that all hindrances may be removed and this our work be established and the light given to those wretched mountain women and girls

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BOYS' SCHOOL AND JEWISH BOYS.

MRS. J. G. WATSON wrote from HAMADAN, July 11, 1890:

Our Boys' High School closed July 1. The exercises were held in the church. There were recitations in Hebrew, Persian, Armenian and English, exercises in arithmetic, geography, and grammar of the four languages, and all this interspersed with songs. The hymn "Only an Armor Bearer" they sang with great gusto. There was no hesitation in the programme, each was ready when his turn came. Prizes were awarded, and, after the exercises closed, the lieutenant-governor of Hamadan came up to shake hands and was profuse in his praises of the work done by the school. When it was all over I

felt as relieved as I used to at home when commencement exercises were closed and I was ready for summer vacation.

Mr. Watson takes charge of the school while Mr. Hawkes is in America. He also preaches in Persian at the Jewish services. Four Jewish boys have united with the Church and are leading earnest, Christian lives. Sunk in ignorance and superstition as many of the Jews are, they hardly know what they believe and worship. The boys, as a rule, are very bright in school, and we pray that the good seed which seems to have taken root and sprung up in the minds of some of them may not be crowded out by other things, but may bear much fruit.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Last month Children's Day was observed for the first time in the annals of this mission. The schoolboys assisted with a good will, bringing flowers and making mottoes. Dr. and Mrs. Alexander kindly brought some of their potted plants, and when all was arranged our mud-walled schoolroom was quite changed in appearance. Two little boys recited responsively the One Hundred and Twenty-second Psalm another, the prophecy of Balaam, and one of the older boys recited the song of Hannah, in Hebrew. The Persian word for Saviour and salvation is used interchangeably and, consisting of four letters, it formed an acrostic for the four heads of the sermon, the text being, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

The first letter which we have had the pleasure of publishing from MISS HUNTER, who went from Prince Edward Island to Persia a year ago, bears date of HAMADAN, July 4, 1890. Referring to the loss of the very valuable matron of the Faith Hubbard School, she says:

Her knowledge of the three languages spoken here and in the surrounding villages, Turkish, Persian and Armenian, enabled her to speak a word for Christ to every woman who entered our home. I don't think Sarah really wished to leave us, but her father, Kasha Shimon, came from Oroomiah almost expressly to take her back with him and she could not see her way clear to refuse to go. From the beginning we put the matter in our Father's hands and know that if it is best for His kingdom and glory. He can even yet send her back again If it seems best that she should not return, we are sure He will give us all added strength necessary to carry the extra burden.

WHERE THE TIME GOES.

The number of callers at our home (the Faith Hubbard School) is almost countless. They come at all hours, on all days, except Sunday, of all degrees of rank and of every shade of character. Perhaps Miss Montgomery will say, "Now, girls, we can have a few quiet moments for writing," when up will come our valiant doorkeeper to say that there are some women at the gate seeking admission. The same answer is always given: "Tell them to come in," and farewell to letter writing for a few more hours. Every opportunity to give them the bread of life is eagerly seized and our prayer is that God will bless the words spoken or read to the salvation of their darkened souls.

AN ARMENIAN WEDDING.

Two former scholars of Faith Hubbard School were married lately, one in a village and one in the city. I saw the latter wedding and perhaps it would interest you to hear about it. The bride is one of our church members, but as the groom is not, they were married by the priest of the Old Armenian Church.

Early after sunrise the bridegroom and his friends, preceded by musicians, marched to the house of the bride carrying her bridal finery, which in this country is always provided by the husband-elect. Miss Charlotte and I arrived just after they had finished dressing the bride. They carry every garment around her three times before they put it on and tuck her dress up under her chuddar to keep off the "evil eye." On her head were pinned two sheets of gilt paper. The groom wore two gorgeous bouquets of paper roses, and on the whole looked quite festive in dress but very scared.

The priest went through a short ceremony at the house, after which the procession started for the church. First the musicians, then the groom supported by two friends each carrying a lighted candle; then the bride supported by two women, after whom came the rabble, foremost among whom were the Misses Montgomery and Hunter. The procession stopped at each door, where the bridal party was sprinkled with rosewater and treated to tea or sweets. At the church door was another short ceremony. They were married in a church which is 200 years old; so you can imagine how moldy it is.

The bridal pair stood with their foreheads touching and over them was thrown a priest's thick cloak. On their heads were placed a book, probably the Bible, and a small salver. The "friend of the bridegroom" had pity on them and held the book up off their heads. The priest chanted Old Armenian in a deep rasp-like bass. His son acted as clerk and gave the responses in a fine nasal tenor. Sometimes they would get so mixed that each seemed trying to get done first. Few, if any, understood a word of what was said, not even the priest himself. Then the cloak was taken off the heads of the poor creatures and they were pronounced "man and wife." The poor man's face was wet with perspiration and what must the bride have suffered, who was closely veiled! Now was seen the use of the salver. The groom took the book, placed the salver on it and stood begging money for the priest. As each gave

an offering they were supposed to kiss the book, but I noticed that very few really did so. The procession re-formed for the bridegroom's house. Just at the door they stopped and his aunt came out to welcome them, kissing him, his two friends and the bride. A lamb was sacrificed before them and walking over its blood they entered the house, the best man cutting a cross over the door with his sword to keep the evil eye away. In the afternoon we were invited to see the trousseau, which was very fine for an Armenian bride. Her family sent presents of clothing to each of her husband's friends. We received handkerchiefs.

LITTLE MOSLEMS.

Miss Charlotte Montgomery also wrote from Hamadan in June last:

We have lately received three Mussulman scholars. One is niece of our Persian mirza, who professes to be a Christian; the other two are from a village. Their father came to the dispensary to have his eyes treated and stayed on as doorkeeper. He is almost blind and, having nothing to support his family, asked us to take his girls. If you could just have seen those poor things when they were brought to us! And their mother was almost the most untidy woman I have ever seen. The children seemed to be in mortal dread of the "Frangees," judging from the way they howled when they were brought into the yard and again when taken to the bath. Of course, this is the first thing that must be done with them. Once they were bathed and dressed in clean clothes, they did not cry any more, but they feel very strange yet, as they do not understand any language but Turkish and we cannot talk much with them. That is one of Sarah's* tongues, so she takes them in charge until they learn a little Persian. The poor mother seemed troubled until we assured her that we did not want to take them to our country. Just before she was asked to sign the paper she sneezed once, which they regard as a very bad omen, so she could hardly be persuaded to proceed further. (I had to stop just there for a few minutes and tie up a sore arm. Among so many, there is generally some such work to be done.)

COMPANY TO SUPPER.

Tuesday evening the girls had company. One of their friends, a day scholar, is soon to be married and it is the custom for all the friends to invite them before the marriage. They had supper in the large double room just before dark, and after they were through, Miss Hunter and I went in to teach them some games. They enjoyed themselves until ten o'clock, when they drank tea and ate cake. This was only the larger girls, the little ones having been put to bed at the usual hour. After that we said good night to them and went up stairs. After a little we heard them singing again and, going to listen, found they were having prayers together. We always have prayers at six, but I suppose they had played so much they thought they ought to have them again before they went to bed. Before five the next morning I was waked by their voices, talking as briskly as if they had had plenty of sleep. We like to give them a little pleasure like this now and then.

* The matron, who has since left.

THE WOMEN'S MEETING.*

The attendance of Moslems at our Friday prayer-meeting is increasing again. They always fall off in winter and in summer gather back gradually. Last Friday, long before the time we usually open, the room was filled, so we went in and began the service in Persian. Afterward the Armenians came in and we had a part in their tongue also. It amuses Miss Hunter to see them coming to the gate at 9 A.M. to be on time for a meeting that does not begin till 4 P.M.

REASONS FOR A HOSPITAL AT TABRIZ.

Dr. Mary Bradford, who, after two years of fine success, has of all our women physicians the fewest equipments for her medical work, wrote from Tabriz July 12, 1890:

I have been so glad over the appointment of Dr. Vanneman to this station. We need his help so much and it seems as though the call for a hospital here is becoming very plain. It is easy to mistake what we want for what the Lord's work needs, but there certainly are some reasons to do what we do in this way quickly. More than a year ago the Roman Catholics bought property here, and while they have not yet occupied it, they may at any time and take up hospital work. Only a short time ago Dr. Adcock (physician of the English Consulate) asked me if we would not build a hospital soon. He said a Persian lately said to him: "If you will have one I will give you 100 tomans ($150) a year for it," and Dr. Adcock said: "I have no doubt there are others who would help support one." They have heard of the hospital in Teheran and think that Tabriz with its larger population needs one too.

For more than a year no Mussulman has been allowed to attend our church services. No Mussulman child can attend our schools, nor have we been able to teach any at their homes. Except the music lessons given by Miss Holliday and social calls, the medical work is the only way in which we reach Mohammedans. Through this means not a day passes but we come in contact with some of them and there is no obstacle to extending it to the full limit of our powers.

* In October, 1882, the first two ladies went to Hamadan to take up woman's work for woman. *One month after*, as soon as one of these ladies could read God's Word and sing the hymns in Armenian, the first prayer-meeting was held with the women. It has been sustained weekly, almost without interruption, ever since, and there are usually fifty women and girls present who can sing the hymns correctly.

The number of European physicians, or those who have been educated in Europe, is increasing, so that the more difficult cases are receiving attention and as Persian physicians return from the hospitals of Europe they realize that in order to practice what they have learned there they must have the same facilities here. If in buying land we can say to them, "We want to build a hospital," it will greatly help in getting permission from these Mussulman authorities.

My first in-patient in the little room I have here was one of our own Christian workers. My next will probably be a bright little Mussulman woman, not more than fifteen, and yet she is a mother and her husband is seeking to divorce her. What a blessing it will be to have the help Dr. Vanneman and his wife will give in operations! I almost fear sometimes to think or count too much on his coming for fear I may be disappointed, but can we not believe that the Lord will do great things here in Tabriz and that He is making His workers ready?

NORTH CHINA.

HOW TO APPRECIATE HOME.

Miss Emma Anderson, of Wei Hien, wrote May 29, 1890:

We have just been home long enough to get rested, don clean clothes and set our house in order a little. It seems very nice to return to civilized ways and my room seems clean and grand beyond description, and my bed — well, that is so comfortable. I have just discovered that this is the way to enjoy home and know what comfort is. Hereafter, when I think things here are not good enough, I shall go out and live among the people for a while.

I was out among the stations from the 14th of March until the 24th of May. My sister* and her six-months-old daughter were with me all the time except for a week or two. Miss Boughton and Dr. Mary Brown came out for a few days. They made themselves very useful and cheered us, but they had rather a doleful time, as it rained and was cold while they were with us. On rainy days the women could not come and so we had a rest, but one day we went about two miles to a village, and on our return it rained and what a plight we were in! To have bedding and clothing wet and no fire to dry by, is anything but comfortable. On baby's account we took a little stove with us. The native houses have no flues, so we made a hole in the wall and put the pipe through, and when the wind was favorable we had a nice fire and when not favorable we had smoke, but altogether the stove was quite a treasure.

HOW TO DO IT.

We went to villages, rented a room and stayed at each village about ten days, and the women and children came every day to learn. The distribution of famine relief has made a favorable impression on the people. Every one is kind to us and we can go anywhere without fear of being reviled.

We had a number of bright girls learning in one village. Some belonged to good families. The girls are much easier to teach than the old women. Some of the latter are fearfully stupid and they are always saying they can't learn, that they are "like wooden people." One day I told a woman that her Heavenly Father did not find fault with her for being stupid, and she said: "Well, my husband does; he is always telling me how stupid I am."

VICISSITUDES OF TOURING.

There have been heavy rains this spring, but it has made a splendid wheat crop and been worth thousands of dollars to these poor people, so we were very glad to have it rain, although it poured in at our door until our earth floor was wet all the time we were in our last village.

Our journey home was painful and Mrs. Laughlin comforted me by saying I would have any amount of such trips if I did much country work here. The roads were bad and the first day we rose at four in the morning and traveled eleven hours and only fifteen miles. The next day we tried donkeys, but mine was lame and so weak that the poor thing fell down four times in going ten miles and was unable to go further; so we had to hire another wheelbarrow and have another day's travel to get home. I must send you a picture, some time, of these donkeys ready for a journey. First, there is a pack saddle — a wooden frame with cotton pads underneath to keep it from hurting the donkey's back — and then our bedding is put into a bag about twice as wide as an ordinary meal bag and about as long, and that is thrown over the pack saddle and the rider is perched on top. With a good donkey it is not a bad way for traveling short distances, but to ride one of those animals and carry a heavy child, holding an umbrella over her for five miles without resting, as my sister did the other day, is an accomplishment to which few of us aspire.

I did enjoy our station work this spring more than almost anything else we ever did. Of course, my sister did most, but I was so glad to be able to help her. I scarcely expected I would be able to do this work this spring, but I had prayed for the strength and my prayers were more than answered.

It was a shock to my nerves when a part of my letter to you appeared in *Woman's Work*, as I do not write for publication, but that same letter did bring me a package of nice cards and some very interesting letters. The cards were useful to me in the country.

*Mrs. Laughlin.

JAPAN.

A COUNTRY TOUR.

Miss M. Ella McGuire, who went to Kanazawa last year, has, it seems, through a readjustment of the teaching force, been for some months at Osaka

helping Miss Garvin in the girls' school. From there she wrote July 21, 1890:

School closed June 27 and I have since made a missionary tour with Miss Garvin in the country, from which I have just returned. We visited Nagahama and Odzu, on the island of Shikoku, which we reached by a little more than a day's voyage over the beautiful Inland Sea. Nagahama is the home of one of the students of the It'chi Jo Gakko. She waited after the close of school to accompany us to her home, where we were invited to stop. Her mother, a dear, kind old lady, would become a Christian, she says, if her husband would, but does not wish to be separated in any way from him.

A Japanese minister and his wife from Odzu, about ten miles inland, had come to Nagahama to meet us. It was late on Tuesday night when we landed, but a group of people had gathered on the shore to see us. It seemed that the whole village knew we were coming, how long we expected to stay, and where we intended to go next.

I was curious to witness the meeting between a Japanese mother and daughter who had been separated nearly a year. We were ceremoniously invited into the best room — usually in the back of a Japanese house. A blanket had been spread over the matting in the furthest part of the room, opposite the entrance, the place of highest honor, and double cushions placed on that for Miss Garvin and me. Another blanket with single cushions was arranged at one side of the room for the minister and his wife. The family sat as near as possible to the entrance, the place of least honor, with no blankets or cushions. Miss Garvin and I sat beside our cushions, though urged to sit on them, because it is Japanese etiquette to be very modest in assuming honors, even when so thrust upon one. When all were properly seated we, with foreheads to the floor, repeated the stereotyped formula of greeting with the mother. The father was away on business and we did not meet him until later. The mother and daughter were sitting side by side, but I had not yet seen any sign of recognition. When the guests had all been duly honored, parent and child exchanged greetings in the same way and with no less formality than had been shown to the others.

A SUB-STATION.

A meeting was appointed for the following day, after which we went on to Odzu by jinrikisha with the friends who had come to meet us. It is a pretty village nestled among the mountains. We were made very welcome and comfortable at the home of our friends, who are zealous Christian workers and persons of much more than ordinary ability. Work in Odzu is yet in a pioneer state, but it is a promising place.

. . . On Saturday night a meeting had been appointed for the women. A room holding between two and three hundred, the largest that was accessible, was packed full, the entrance ways crowded, and many still were turned away for want of room. We were told that so many women had never before been together in Odzu. Miss Garvin addressed them an hour in their language, and I through an interpreter. A baby organ had been obtained and we sang several times. The services were long and the night was warm, but the closest attention was given to the end.

I said the meeting was for women. Some of the men begged to come, too, but only a few of the most influential were admitted. It is almost useless to attempt work among the women unless the men approve, otherwise they will not let the women come. Yet some of the men here seem to be more interested in the general improvement of women than in their own, and they not infrequently organize societies among the women with that end in view, while they themselves monopolize the "offices." The management is sometimes a little ludicrous, but the desired object, that of an opportunity for Christian instruction, is often attained. So, it was prospective "officers" who were present at this meeting, and who came to us in a body at its close to thank us for coming and to express their approval of all we had said.

Sunday forenoon we attended Sunday-school and church three hours. Miss Garvin addressed the school and in the afternoon had a Bible reading for the Christian women, and I spoke to them again at night. The house was well filled and again the most patient attention given. They listened very closely to "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," which we sang in Japanese.

Though we started a little after four o'clock the following morning a number of Christians came to see us off, and our Odzu friends, with whom we had spent such a happy week, accompanied us to Nagahama.

Miss Sarah Gardner, writing from Tokyo, July 25, says that her first year in Japan has been "a short year crowded with thanksgiving. Were the story written in a single sentence it would be: Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

She finds among the scholars "differences of gifts and traits as marked as among the same number of girls at home, but all are interesting to those who are at all familiar with the circumstances of their lives, or who remember that they are each one dear to Jesus.

"Many of those who do not yet know Jesus listen with the closest attention to every word concerning Him. No words can tell the fearful and yet blessed sense of responsibility that comes when one looks into the sincere and interested faces of these dear girls and realizes that for once, at least, in their lives they have the opportunity of hearing of the Saviour."

HOME DEPARTMENT

MONTHLY MEETING.—*October.*

"The grandest day of opportunity for the Kingdom of God that the earth has ever seen has fully dawned."

Scripture Text, Daniel xi., 32.—The people that do know their God shall be strong and shall do exploits.

Scripture Reading, John xv., 7–17.

General Topic—OUR MISSIONS IN PERSIA.

Signs of progress in Persia since last visit of the Shah to Europe. Effect upon our work. Describe the region to be evangelized; the key of the position.

Western Persia Mission. Difficulties and encouragements at Oroomiah; specimens of generous giving. Urgent call for a teacher at Fidelia Fiske Seminary. Report from Oroomiah College. Press work. Medical work. Village work; beginning of revival. Wonderful progress in Mountain Department. Work in and around Tabriz. Boys' School; fund given for a new building. Girls' School; graduates, how employed; past and present contrasted. Medical work. Sympathy for Dr. Holmes.

The Two Stations on the Salmas Plain; sub-stations; name the missionaries and sketch the work. Sad death of Mrs. Wright. Statistics of Western Persia Mission. Other missions in this field.

Eastern Persia. Teheran; general evangelistic work; new name of Girls' School. Boys' School. Medical missionaries and their work; laying corner-stone of Hospital building. Hamadan; Boys' High School; Faith Hubbard School; School for Jewish girls; Work among women. Medical work statistics. (Refer to last Annual Report of B. F. M. and of Women's Boards, also to *W. W.* and *The Church* for Oct., '89.)

Howard Annex to Westminster Hospital (p. 284, *W. W.*, Nov., '89). Some Telling Reports and Letters (*W. W.*, Jan., '90). What $25 did in Persia and Letters (Mar., '90). Various items of interest in letters, April, July and Aug.

A Chautauqua Assembly in Persia (letter, p. 523, *The Church*, Dec., '89). Woman's Work for Woman, also letter (Jan., '90). The Evangelical Churches of the Trans-Caucasus (Feb., '90). A Nestorian Missionary in Russia, and letters (Mar., '90). Letter from Oroomiah, telling of return of Dr. Cochran and Meeting of Synod (p. 352, April, '90). Medical Work in Eastern Persia. Woman's Work in West Persia and letters (May, '90).

Among the Koords, telling of visits to the two great Begs of Berwer. Four Months in Tabriz. Also letter telling of Revival in Persia (June, '90, p. 527). All the above in *The Church*.

The Ancient Church of Persia and its Reform (*Miss. Review*, Oct., '89).

Early Incidents of mission work in Persia (article entitled "Miracles of Missions," *Miss. Review*, Dec., '89).

Letter of Dr. Shedd to International Missionary Union (*Miss. Review*, Aug., '90, p. 623).

E. M. R.

UNSALARIED SERVICE.

A MISSIONARY visiting among the churches in New York State recently found an intelligent member of an auxiliary who had lately learned with surprise that the Home Secretary of the New York Board, with whom she had been corresponding for some time, is an officer without a salary. "Why, I supposed she gave all her time to it, for she knows everything about all the auxiliaries in our Presbytery."

It was high praise for one who is devoted to her home and family, but not more than is due to many officers in our societies. In the Board mentioned every officer serves without salary. Its senior Treasurer has gratuitously served the whole twenty years of its history, and her heavy old books, with their beautifully-kept pages, are the admiration of those who have seen them.

What is said of this Board applies in general to all the woman's foreign missionary societies in the country. In a few exceptional cases salaries are bestowed because one, to the great advantage of her Board, surrenders her whole time to its service; but it should be known to the world, if it is not already, that these officers, as a whole, from auxiliaries up to central Boards are unsalaried.

In this very voluntariness is the seat of either weakness or strength to the Society; weakness, if an officer thinks because she *gives* her service she may offer it tardily or fitfully, as convenient to herself; of strength, when to voluntariness is joined the scrupulous fidelity required by a business engagement. Scrutiny of our societies would discover just this last combination of qualities in a multitude of

instances, but it is probable that some auxiliaries are lagging because their officers have never formed the conception of such a standard.

The reason may be inferred for having a large number of officers on the Boards. Ladies, especially in large cities, have but limited time to spare for the duties of their missionary society, and its work must, therefore, be shared by many.

What has been said of Women's Societies is equally true of the Parent Boards in all Churches. Men, in the whirl of business in New York, drop everything to come, twice a month, to the Presbyterian Mission House and spend two or three consecutive hours in close attention to details regarding the Missions, and if a gentleman is providentially absent, he sends a note explaining that he is detained for extraordinary reasons.

These things have so long been commonplace facts that it was supposed they were known both in and out of the Church; but it is upon learning that not only the one lady cited, but others, also, have misunderstood the matter, that this explanation is now given.

THE late Henry Thornton, who did not drive from him people who sought subscriptions for mission work as if they were mendicants, as some rich persons are in the habit of doing, in response to an appeal from a visitor, once wrote out a cheque for £5 Before the ink was dry a telegram was brought to him. He tore open the envelope, read the contents, and turned ashy white. He said to his visitor—a clergyman—"I have received some dreadful news. I have lost hundreds of pounds—give me back that cheque." It was not pleasant to give back the cheque, and I dare say nine persons out of ten would have cancelled it; but Mr. Thornton on receiving it back, altered the "£5" to "£50," saying, "God has just taught me that I may not much longer possess my property, and therefore I must use it well." Did Henry Thornton lose anything by that? Did he die a bankrupt? No; he continued one of the most prosperous merchants of his day, and consecrated his wealth, his influence, and his time to the Lord Jesus Christ. —*South American Missionary Magazine.*

THE CRY OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.

REVELATION XXII., 17, 20.

Come, for Thy Bride grows weary of delay,
Weary of waiting, and the waning day
Speaks of the hour that brings the Master home;
Come, Best-Belovèd, swiftly, swiftly come!

Come, for the harvest ripens on the plain,
Come gather in the wealth of golden grain;
Come to the sheep so long without a fold,
Thou Who *would'st* shepherd them with love untold!

Even we that know Thee poorly tell Thy care;
We that have heard the call, but half declare
Thy mighty tenderness, O Bridegroom sweet;
Come, and with Thine own voice the word repeat!

Come, for the world is old and sick of strife,
Sick of its sin, and yearning for the life
Thou wilt bring in; O Healer, all divine,
Come, and the Kingdom shall alone be Thine!

* * * * * *

"Lo, I come quickly"; o'er the field so white,
Over the silence of the star-lit night,
Rings the glad note through earth and sky again;
Lord Jesus, even so; amen, amen!

Clara A. Lindsay.

SOMETHING more about that interesting paper, *Why Our Society Did Not Disband*, published first in *W. W.* in March, 1889, and since issued as a leaflet:

A Methodist minister ordered a dozen copies of it after hearing it read at the woman's auxiliary meeting in his church.

A lady in Southern Ohio sent out several copies of the same leaflet as a valentine among country societies that were ready to expire and, as a consequence, three of them braced up, took a fresh start and gave up disbanding.

No spectacles will be necessary in order to discern the suggestions contained in the following communication from the president of a presbyterial society. She writes from Grove City, Pa.:

"Our Corresponding Secretary and myself have just finished making a complete tour of our presbytery, visiting all the Societies, Circles and Bands. It took us just five weeks. We commenced the first day of July and finished August 1. Through dust and heat as well as pleasant weather we continued our journey, going from one place to another, holding a meeting every day. We organized quite a number of new societies besides resuscitating some of the old ones that were virtually dead. We got nearly one hundred subscriptions to the magazines and a good many new members, besides giving a general impulse to the work. This is the way we spent our vacation this summer in place of going to the Lake, and I feel fully repaid for all the time it required and the inconveniences of traveling."

A LADY in Illinois, speaking rather from sympathetic observation than from the position of "victim," writes of the tribulations of those who solicit subscriptions:

"Those who attend to these matters are not usually women of leisure. They are often obliged to ask that subscriptions be handed them at some meeting and it is embarrassing to waylay people again and again: 'Did you bring that money?' 'Oh, I forgot.'

"What is the reason that these good women, as good as gold, find it so much harder to remember their missionary business than their marketing? I wish women would really *charge their minds* with this as well as other matters. It is against the grain for one who is responsible for sending on subscriptions to be tardy and appear negligent at headquarters when she is forced to be behind time by others."

Those whose consciences have been pricked in reading this brief and admirable dissertation may be disposed to indulge a quiet chuckle upon learning that this good friend herself forgot to inclose something promised in this very communication! She wrote contritely afterward, appreciating the joke as highly as any of us, and the fact only emphasizes her words. If the most careful now and then slip, how much attention and resolve is necessary for others!

A CORRESPONDENT from Uniontown, Pa., says:

"One day it struck me I had not been praying for our mission work nearly as much as usual nor so earnestly and with less intelligence, and I tried to think of a reason. I know it now. Through some misunderstanding I have not had the *Woman's Work* for two or three months. It came last Monday and I read it from cover to cover and found that reading our magazine makes me pray more and better."

THE seed-sowing of one of our enthusiastic workers might be emulated. There was a lady in her Bible class who said: "I can't believe in missions," so the teacher worked up and placed in her hands a thorough account of our Anglo-Saxon origin and the idolatry of our ancestors, no doubt following it with many an apt word. Her labors were cut short by the pupil's removal to Nebraska, where, behold! the woman who didn't "believe in missions" starts and develops a live missionary society, of which she is herself president and her daughter secretary.

ONE writes:

"In a busy little city not a hundred miles from New York there is a large and flourishing Church, which has its Young People's Guild, Young People's Prayer Meetings, etc.

"Could you see our pretty room with its bright carpet, curtains and cheerful grate fire no doubt you would turn to me and say, 'What large missionary meetings you must have. Is not every lady in the congregation interested?' But I should shake my head sadly and tell you that oft-

repeated invitations from the pulpit and the members meet with but little response. *You and I know what they miss.*"

THE Elizabeth, N. J., Presbyterial Society reports :

"We went down from our annual meeting wiser and happier women, for the reason that we had gained two new and important points.

"Resolved, *first*, our annual meeting in the future shall be an all-day service ; *second*, we will send a presbyterial delegate every year to the meeting of the Board, her expenses to be paid from our contingent fund."

BOOK NOTICE.

A Japanese Boy. By Himself. (Henry Holt & Company.)

If this book had been received in season we should have been glad to offer extracts from it last month while we were studying Japan. It has an original flavor. We recommend it for interesting information from the insider's point of view upon many subjects connected with everyday life in Japan — upon foods, games, musical instruments, training a girl's voice to sing, the family ; for the sketches of Mr. Gladness and the offended schoolmaster and the old-fashioned school. The English of it is very interesting also, and, if in the hands of the young foreign author there is a rare lapse in exactness or, here and there, an evident translation of Japanese idiom, it only adds to the attractiveness and enforces the appeal in his prefatory letter from New Haven : "My desire to obtain (by this book) the means to prosecute the studies I have taken up in America."

SINCE LAST MONTH.

ARRIVALS IN THE UNITED STATES.

July 19.—At San Francisco, Rev. J. N. Hayes, wife and four children from Suchow, China. Address, Hensonville, N. Y.

August 9.—At Tacoma, Washington, Rev. J. L. Nevius, D. D., and Mrs. Nevius from the Shantung Mission, China. Address, Ovid, N. Y., *during October*.

DEPARTURES.

August 20.—From New York, Rev. Wilmot A. Carrington and wife and Rev. W. A. Waddell for Brazil.

August 23.—From New York, by the *City of Rome*, all returning to Africa, Rev. A. C. Good and wife and son ; Mrs. De Heer and Mrs. Reutlinger, after more than twenty years of service in Africa ; Mrs. W. C. Gault and baby to rejoin her husband at Gaboon ; and Rev. A. W. Marling, who leaves his wife and children in this country for the present.

This party are to be joined in Liverpool by the following new recruits, who had previously sailed : Rev. Geo. A. Godduhn and wife (Miss Emma Engels, of New York City), Rev. Herman Jacot and wife (Miss Helene Ladore, of Switzerland), and Rev. W. S. Bannerman and wife (Miss Grace Mitchell, of Ontario, Canada).

August 23.—From San Francisco, Dr. I. L. Van Schoick, wife and little daughter for the Shantung Mission, China ; Mrs. Mary M. Crossette, returning to China ; and Miss Anna K. Davis, returning to Tokyo, Japan.

September 6.—From New York, by the *Servia*, Rev. H. M. and Mrs. Andrews for the Furrukhabad Mission, India.

To the Auxiliaries.

[For address of each headquarters and lists of officers see third page of cover.]

From Philadelphia.

MISS ANNA K. DAVIS returns to Japan in good health and carries with her substantial tokens of the interest felt by friends in America in Bancho School.

ANOTHER name to be added to our list for loving remembrance is that of Mrs. W. S. Watson. Mr. and Mrs. Watson joined the Syria Mission last October and during their first year of service have been associated with Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins at Zahleh.

IT gives us new courage to hear of such faithful presbyterial visitation as that described on page 280. We are sure that it will have results beyond those already reported. Besides the organizing of new Bands, the arousing of listless workers, and the promise of more earnest efforts for the coming year, the influence of personal contact with the leaders will be felt all through the presbytery.

A NEW leaflet, *Paula Deane's Desire*, has been added to our stock. It illustrates the truth, "a little child shall lead them," by showing the influence in one home of the eager desire of the little daughter to "do something for the poor little children in heathen lands."

THE following copied letters may be had by sending a stamp for postage: From Mrs. Leaman, Nanking, China; Mrs. J. L. Potter, Teheran, Persia; Mrs. Hull, Kolhapur, India; Miss Wherry, Dehra, India; Mrs. Wilson, Tabriz, Persia; Miss Dale, Teheran.

From Chicago.

Meetings at Room 48 McCormick Block every Friday at 10 A. M. Visitors welcome.

HOGE.— At her residence, No. 1162 North Halsted Street, August 26, Jane C., widow of the late A. H. Hoge, in the eightieth year of her age.

No words are needed to convey to the people the grief felt upon reading this announcement of the going home of the one who carried this Board of the Northwest from its infancy to its present strength and power. For to her far-sighted wisdom and faithful care and counsel the Board was kept in its weaker days when pressure was brought to bear upon it to take up other work most important and needful; while listening to all arguments and turning them over impartially, she would, with concise and forceful argument, convince those who had first favored the side issues that "this one thing" was the aim and object of the organization of the Board. All felt that Mrs. Hoge never decided questions hastily or without looking upon them from all sides and never allowed her own personal preferences to prevail if she saw they were not for the best good. She had been laid aside from active service for several years on account of her hearing, but her interest in the work had been as keen as ever, and her prayers have been our strong reliance.

MRS. JESSE WHITEHEAD.—Saturday morning, August 16, this dear friend awoke from the natural sleep of earth to the glories of heaven. Without pain or weariness, it was for her a translation; we see only the cloud.

Mrs. Whitehead was a rare woman. Beautiful and attractive in person, self-forgetful, sympathetic, generous and a live Christian, she was a pillar in the church, a comforter in the hospital and a ready friend of the poor.

Throughout the Northwest she will be long remembered as the efficient Treasurer of the Foreign Mission Board, in which capacity she served eight years. She devised many ways for increase of contributions, and often (known only to a few) made up a deficiency. In Room 48 she stood at the front, bearing her share of the burden and cheering the discouraged. The good-bye hand shaking often left a token with the departing missionary.

But Mrs. W. objected to any mention of her good deeds. Her monument is her noble life and the love of those whom she helped. She knows now the entire plan of Redemption. She has heard the "Blessed" of the Christ she loved. Let her memory incite us to a loyal every-day service until we, too, enter into rest.

CHICAGO. *L.*

WHILE many of our officers and others who usually meet in Room 48 were absent during midsummer, our Friday morning meetings were blessed by the presence of an unusual number of friends from a distance, among them Mrs. H. M. Humphrey, who, as Home Secretary of the Woman's Board in New York, is still building upon the foundation she laid so well while Treasurer of the Board of the Northwest.

Among the missionaries who met Christians here as Paul met those of Rome, thanking God and taking courage, were Rev. J. N. Hayes, of Suchow, Dr. G W. Holmes, of Tabriz, Mrs. Ferris, of Panhala, Mrs. W. W. Eddy, of Beirût, Mrs. Torrence, of Teheran, and Mrs. Fulton, of Canton. Although even the youngest of them have not returned from the field without some of the marks of veterans, their enthusiasm fanned a flame in the hearts of those newly enlisted which the sight of scars could not have quenched.

And the recruits, few as they are during these dark days of debt and retrenchment, still formed a goodly company. We greeted Miss Irwin, lately of Asheville, N. C., now of the Kolhapur Mission, Miss Colman, of Chicago, who is preparing to sail in September for Allahabad, and Miss Morrow, of Iowa, her associate; Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Cunningham, representing Springfield Presbytery and appointed to Peking, and Miss Parker, of Minneapolis, to be stationed with Mrs. Wachter in Bangkok.

One morning in August, Dr. Peck, of North China, missionary of the American Board, told of changes in hoary customs which show how the waves of the Gospel flood are undermining superstition. More humanity toward children was one sign of the times which he discerned. Rev. J. Q. Adams, of San Francisco, gave us our first clear idea of the Boys' Brigade plan by which such progress has been made toward solving the problem, "How shall we gain the boys?"

A lady who has a complete file of the *Church at Home and Abroad*, but must part with the magazines for lack of room, would gladly give them or her partial file of *Woman's Work* to any one who would apply at Room 48.

GRATIFYING orders have been received at 48 McCormick Block for the pledge cards to be used by collectors. We feel sure that these cards would be useful in other Societies.

NEW LEAFLETS: "Missionary Heroes," John G. Paton, the story of his life, price, 5 cents; "Martyrs of Walhalla," 5 cents. Address the W. P. B. M. N. W.

From New York.

THE regular monthly prayer-meetings of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions will be resumed in October. The first meeting, led by the President of the Board, will be held in Lenox Hall, 53 Fifth Avenue, Wednesday morning, October 1, at half past ten. All are cordially invited to attend.

WE desire to call particular attention to the above announcement and to say that ladies interested in missions from suburban towns will be gladly welcomed in our meetings. Missionary letters are there read and addresses are frequently made by missionaries fresh from the field. On *every* Wednesday after the first of each month there will be a meeting in the same place of a similar character, at 10.30 A.M., and lasting one half hour.

From Northern New York.

THE Executive Committee have deemed it best to omit this year our semi-annual meeting. It is to be hoped that our Treasurer's re-

port will show no diminution because of the omission of the meeting, which has been held to stimulate our workers for the fall and winter work. Shall we not, by increased effort as individuals and Societies, seek to demonstrate that our zeal in the work of bringing a lost world to Christ does not depend upon an enthusiastic meeting for its existence?

NOW is the time to push the matter of the children's contribution for the Lakawn Industrial School. Don't wait until later to lay it before your Sabbath-school and Band. Then the minds of the children will be occupied with Christmas and their interest will not be quite so enthusiastic. Information in regard to the work for Lakawn can be obtained from the Secretaries.

THE Champlain Auxiliaries and Bands have manifested their appreciation of what Mrs. H. M. Andrews did among them last fall by sending her the money to purchase an organ to aid her in her work in India.

TOO late for mention in last month's magazine came the sad news of the death of Mrs. George Roe, of Mineville. Mrs. Roe was one of our District Secretaries and as such did most faithful and efficient work. In her own church she was most active in stimulating the work of foreign missions, and as leader of the band she was most thorough in training the children and this in the face of difficulties that band leaders in our larger churches do not often encounter. In Mrs. Roe's death we have lost an earnest, enthusiastic, efficient worker, one who was ever ready to do what she could to extend the kingdom of our Lord.

From San Francisco.

Board Meeting, first Monday of each month at 933 Sacramento Street; business meeting at 10 30 A. M.; afternoon meeting and exercises by Chinese girls in the Home at two o'clock. Visitors welcome.

OUR Synodical Meeting will be held this month in San Francisco. Notice of the time and place has been sent to all Auxiliaries. For further particulars see our *Occident* column. We are looking forward to a meeting of great interest and blessing. As matters of importance are to be discussed, let each Auxiliary, as far as possible, send a representative.

ENCOURAGING reports come from our Young People's Presbyterial Society of San Francisco. At the last quarterly meeting the parlors of the First Church were crowded, delegates coming not only from San Francisco, but from several places across the Bay. The Boys' Brigades were well represented, there being twenty-one present from one Brigade. The meeting was wholly in the hands of the young people and was so admirably presided over that many of the older workers realized for the first time what these young people could do. Dr. Effie Worley, our new missionary to Suchow, China, read an able paper on medical missions; all were deeply interested as Dr. Mackenzie told of his recent visit to the Holy Land, and Mrs. P. D. Browne, President of the Occidental Board, delighted all hearers by her words of cheer and encouragement.

ARE we doing all we can to interest the children in missions? It is often very easy to gain their sympathy and help. One of our workers writes: "A few weeks ago it was missionary day in our Sunday-school. A lady spoke to the children on Africa and China. The following Sunday little Florence B —— came to school looking very happy. 'I have something to tell you,' she said to her teacher. 'You know the lady told us about little girls in Africa and China earning money for missions? Well, I gave a concert and got fifty cents!' 'Gave a concert! Where?' 'In my parlor. I told my friends about it and charged ten cents for reserved seats. We had music and recitations, and then I talked to them about missions; and now I would like the money sent to Africa.'" Let us aim to bring this work for the Master before every Sunday-school throughout our State.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

DAKOTA SOUTH.
Bridgewater, Prairie Gleaners.

KENTUCKY.
Danville, Little Gleaners.
Flemington, Mary Lyle Bd.
Lebanon, Helping Hands.

MINNESOTA.
Maple Plain.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Litchfield, Golden Star Bd.

NEW JERSEY.
Kingwood.

NEW YORK.
Batavia, Acorn Bd.

OHIO.
Dayton, Memorial Ch., Light Bearers.
Senecaville, Young Ladies'.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Erie, 1st Ch., Little Watchers.
Little Redstone.
Muddy Creek, Young Ladies'.
New Salem, Young Ladies' (reorg.).
Petrolia
Philadelphia, Walnut St. Ch., Whatsoever Bd.
Pleasant Valley, King's Daughters (reorg.).
Portersville.
Wilkes Barre, Grant St. Ch., Miner Bd.

WEST VIRGINIA.
French Creek.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church from August 1, 1890.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BUTLER.—Plain Grove, Y. L. C., 22.00
CINCINNATI.—Avondale, 2, Mrs. Bragg, 30; Cincinnati, 3d, 35, S. S., 20, Layyah Bd., 40; 5th Ch., 19.30; 6th Ch., 14.60; Mt. Auburn, 56.08; Walnut Hills, 45.75; Delhi, 10; Glendale, 13.15; Morrow, Gleaners' Bd., 10; Pleasant Ridge, 5; Wyoming, 38.55, 339.43
CLARION.—Oil City, 2d, 25.00
ERIE.—Bradford, 24.25; Cambridge, Y. L. S., 20; Fredonia, Children's Bd., 8.45; Girard, 9.43; Meadville, 1st, Y. L. S., 21; Mercer, 1st, 20.37; Mercer, 2d, 1.24; North East, Y. P. S., 38.80; Warren, 6.75, Y. L. S., 2; Waterloo, 9.70, 161.99
KITTANNING.—Apollo, 32.58, Hopeful Bd., 3.25, Faithful Workers, 1.67; Cherry Run, 5; Currie's Run, 10; E. Union, 2.50; Elder's Ridge, 30; Gilgal, 7; Indiana, 115; Kittanning, 2d, 15; Rural Valley, 15; Washington, 2; West Lebanon, 10, 249.00
MARION.—Marion, 30; Pisgah, 10, 40.00

NEWTON.— Phillipsburg, Westminster, 6, Belvidere, Sowers of Seed, *special*, 17, 23.00
PHILA., NORTH.—Bridesburg, Willing Workers, 50; Bristol, 62; Doylestown, 71.75, Willing Workers, 4.70, Andrew's and Willing Workers, 22.50; Germantown, 1st, 100; 2d, 50; Non Nobis, Jr., 5; Wakefield, Y. L. B., 10; Hermon, 15; Manayunk, Children of the King, 15; Wissinoming Bd., 12, 417.95
WOOSTER.—Orrville, 28.00
MISCELLANEOUS.— Mrs. Wm. Thaw, Pittsburgh, *special*, 1,200; Mrs. H. N. Paul, Phila, 100; Lizzie S. Reading, *special*, 25 cts.; "M." 10, 1,310.25

Total for August, 1890, $2,616.62
Total since May 1, 1890, 12,564.04

Package sent by the F. S. Coan Bd. to Mrs. J. P. Williamson, Greenwood, South Dakota.

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treas.*,
September 1, 1890. 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest to August 20, 1890.

BELLEFONTAINE.—Galion, 17.71, Faithful Workers, 16.75; Kenton, 7.29, 41.75
CHIPPEWA.—West Superior, Earnest Workers, 5.00
CHICAGO.—Chicago, 1st, 36.26, th. off., 14; 2d, S.S., 11.64; 3d, Seed Sowers, 5, Boys' Bd., 7.50; 4th, Y. W. S., 20; 5th, 11.87; Evanston, Y. P. S. C. E., 20; S. Evanston, 15; Hyde Park, 75, Y. P. S., 9, Busy Bees, 25; Joliet, 1st, 25; Lake Forest, 15, Y. P. S., 14.58, Steady Streams, 5; Oak Park, Seed Sowers, 3.51; S. Chicago, Coral Workers, 5; Mrs. Linsley, birthday off., 2; anon., 25, 345.36
DES MOINES.—Albia, 7; Des Moines, Central Ch., 37.50; Westminster Ch., 25; 6th, 4.40; Dexter, 15; E. Des Moines, 13.75; Indianola, 6.25; New Sharon, 3.75; Olivet, 7.85; Winterset, 10, 130.50
DETROIT.—Ann Arbor, 62; Ypsilanti, 33.50, 95.50
FLINT.—Flint, 21.68; Marlette, 8.72, 30.40
FREEPORT.—Belvidere, 9 90; Freeport, 1st, 25; Harvard, 5; East Rockford, Westminster Ch., 11, 50.90
HURON.— Fostoria, 16; Fremont, 20; Norwalk, 11.65; Tiffin, 13.35, 61.00
INDIANAPOLIS.—Franklin, 3, Bd., 1, Florence Fulton Circle, 1.50; Hopewell, 6.50; Indianapolis, 2d, 200, King's Daughters, 7.85, Mr. Wm. S. Hubbard, 425; 4th, 3, Little Pickett, 2; 6th, 5; Memorial Ch., 2.50, Junior Partners, 17; Tabernacle Ch., 46, Mrs. D., legacy, 228.06, Coral Builders, 18.50; Southport, 5; Whiteland, 1.25, 973 16
LIMA.—Columbus Grove, 10; McComb, King's Household, 17; Van Wert, 1.50, 28.50
LOGANSPORT.—Kentland, 2; La Porte, 15; Plymouth, 5; Rensselaer, 2; South Bend, 10; Valparaiso, S. S., 4.66, 38.66
MAUMEE.—Maumee, Y. P. S. C. E, 1.25; Paulding, 2.71; Toledo, 1st, 15.65; Westminster Ch., 11.15; West Unity, 20; Ainger, West Eagle Creek, 3.45, 54.21
PETOSKEY.—Lake City, 1.00
ST. PAUL.—Macalester, 10.25; Minneapolis, 1st, 37.90; Andrew Ch., 12; Bethlehem Ch., 5.10, Y. P. S. C. E., 8.75; Franklin Ave. Ch., 5; Highland Park Ch., 13; Shiloh Ch., E. B. Caldwell Bd., 13; Stewart Memorial Ch., 9; Westminster Ch., 69.70; Red Wing, 17; St. Croix Falls, 10.79; St. Paul, Central Ch., 50; Goodrich Ave. Ch., 17.35, 278.84
SPRINGFIELD.—Springfield, Mrs. T. H. Bergen, 5.00
VINCENNES.—Evansville, 1st Ave. Ch., 3; Terre Haute, Central Ch., 10; Moffat St. Ch., 6.25, Daughters of the King, 5; Indiana Ch., 11, 35.25
WINNEBAGO.—Oconto, 11.00
WINONA.—Chatfield, Y. P. S. C. E., 50.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—Merrillon, Wis., Mrs. A. Purnell, 5; Coal Creek, Col., Miss Mary Allen, 7; Maine, Minn., birthday box, 2.15; bequest of Mrs. Jane Paul, of Colorado Springs, 5,900.67, 5,914.82

Total for month, $8,150.85
Previously acknowledged, 8,296.31

Total from April 20, 1890, $16,447.16

MRS. C. B. FARWELL, *Treas.*,
CHICAGO, August 20, 1890. Room 48 McCormick Block.

Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for August, 1890.

BOSTON.—Antrim, N. H., 10; Boston, Mass., Columbus Ave., 25; Portland, Me., 5; Providence, R. I., 10; South Boston, Mass., 8; South Ryegate, Vt., 4, 62.00
BROOKLYN.—Brooklyn, Duryea, Mrs. J. M. Ham, 300; Green Ave., 2.34; Memorial, 29.96; Ross St., 11.38; 2d, Cheerful Workers, 25, S. S. Miss. Soc., 80; Throop Ave., 22.79, Y. L. Soc., 29.17, Girls' Bd., 59 cts., Boys' Bd., No. 2, 2.39; Trinity, Y. L. Soc., 10, 513.62
BUFFALO.—Buffalo, Bethany, 3.63; Calvary, 48.58; Lafayette St., 13.87; Wells St., Y. P. Soc. C. E., 14, S. S. infant cl., 2.90; Orchard Park, Y. P. Soc. C. E., 9.60; Portville, 5, 97.58
CAYUGA.—Auburn, 2d, 72.68
CHEMUNG.—Elmira, 1st, 68.50
NASSAU.—Freeport, L. I., 10; Glen Cove, 11.50; Jamaica, 100; Newtown, Helping Hand, 7.91; Roslyn, 7; Smithtown, Young Mission Workers, 35, 171.41
NEW YORK.—New York, L. C. Union, Mrs. W. Y. Mortimer, 60; Park, 25, Seekers for Pearls, 97, Light Bearers, 3; Washington Heights, King's Daughters, 45, Loyal King's Sons, 9, 239.00
ONEIDA.—Canastota, 5.00
ONONDAGA.—Onondaga Valley, 5.75
ONTARIO.—Canandaigua, 17.00
ORANGE.—Goshen, 2d, 10.00
OSWEGO.—Fulton, 1st, 10.00
OTSEGO.—Unadilla, 5.75
SYRACUSE.—Pompey, 17.00
TRANSYLVANIA.—Danville, Ky., 2d, Little Gleaners, 25.00
UTICA.—Clinton, 50; New Hartford, Fortnightly Miss. Bd., 50; Utica, 1st Ch., 125, one member, 25; Vernon, 11; Verona, 10; Waterville, 75, Band of Workers, 25, 371.00
WESTCHESTER.—Mahopac Falls, King's Daughters, 10; Rye, Y. L. Soc., 150, 160.00

Total for August, $1,803.54
Total from April 1, 14,599.32

MRS. C. P. HARTT, *Treas.*,
53 Fifth Ave., New York City.
MRS. J. A. WELCH, *Asst. Treas.*,
44 West Twenty-fifth St., New York City.

BOX LIST.

From a friend, organ to the Tonawanda Ch., N. Y.; from Lockport Miss. Soc. to Miss Murray, Tokyo, Japan; from the Norton Bd., Niagara Falls, to Miss Lowrie, Peking, China; from the Y. L. Miss. Soc. of the Brick Ch., Rochester, to Westminster Hospital, Oroomiah, Persia; from the Ladies' Miss. Soc. of the Central Ch., Rochester, to Mrs. Reutlinger, for Benita, Africa.

Receipts of Foreign Fund of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Southwest to September 1, 1890.

KANSAS CITY.—Centre View, 13.35; Creighton, Olive Branch Mission, 2.32, Willing Workers, 63 cts.; Kansas City, 3d Ch., 2.75; Knob Noster, 3.25; Montrose, 5; Osceola, 5, 32.30
OZARK.—Carthage, 20.82
PLATTE.—Parkville, 22.50, M. J. H. M. B., 23 cts., 22.73
TOPEKA.—Black Jack, 11, Miss Laura Hays, 5; Kansas City, 11; Leavenworth, 1st Ch., Y. L. S., 18; Topeka, 1st Ch., 50, S. S., 68, 163.00

Total receipts for For. Fund during month, $238.85
Previously acknowleged, 937.09

Total rec'pts for Foreign Fund since Apr. 1, 1890, $1,175.94

MRS. J. M. MILLER, *Treas.*,
August 23, 1890. 1760 Missouri Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Receipts of the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions from July 21, 1890.

BENICIA.—Mendocino, 12.40
LOS ANGELES.—Coronado, 500.00
SAN FRANCISCO.—Alameda, 25; Brooklyn, 25; Tenescal, 10; Oakland, 1st, 28.30; Westminster, 9.40, Infant Cl. Bd., 4.50, 102.20
STOCKTON.—Fresno, 4; Stockton, Ten Times One Bd., 10, King's Children Bd., 20, R. R. T. Bd., 5, 39.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—Contribution box, 4.90; board rec'd at the "Home," 105; balance on advertising, 2.50; Mrs. C. M. Blake (gift), 1; National City, 1st Ch. (gift), 2.25, 115.65

Total, $769.25

MRS. L. A. KELLEY, *Treas.*,
933 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal.